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JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIII. No. 852. SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1923. TWOPENCE.

Edited by CHARLES PILLEY

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

SENSATIONAL ARTICLE by Lord Birkenhead

Mind, Ah'm tellin' ye!

By takin' **Beecham's Pills** each nicht,
Ye'll keep your appetite jist richt;
Sae act at ance on this suggestion,
And bid quid-bye tae indigestion.

FIRE!

"John Bull" pays more big benefits this week

£200 to Mr. H. HARBOUR, The Rosary, Edward Road, Amesbury.

£120 to Mr. J. LITTLEFAIR, Ivy View, Long Bank, Wrekenton, near Gateshead.

£75 to Mr. JOHN WILKES, Cold Hatton, Wellington, Salop.

£52-11 to Mrs. H. BIRD, 74a, Culgean Road, East Ham, E.6.

£50 to J. J. HILLMAN, 151, Abertillery Road, Blaina.

£30 to G. EVANS, 46, Smith Street, Mansfield, Notts.

£23 to Mrs. L. GARNER, 31, Mountain Street, Sheffield.

£11 to E. WORRALL, 4, Ernest Street, Manchester.

£10 to T. DENTITH, 14, Brewery Terrace, Osborne Road, Pontypool

Here are a few "John Bull" readers who had the foresight to avail themselves of our great Free Home Insurance Gift and so avoided what might have been a calamity. One minute of your time will likewise safeguard your home. Sign the forms now.

BRADFORD.
Mrs. M. A. CLARKE, 75, Wigan Street, Off Westgate.

SHERWOOD.
H. WARD, 39, Burnham Street.

ALFRETON.
Mrs. M. MINSHULL, 54, Park Street.

ROTHERHAM.
W. E. CRESWORTH, 6, Oval Road.

DENNY (STIRLINGSHIRE).
W. COMRIE, 238, Stirling Street, Dunipace.

LIMEHOUSE, E.
J. B. APPS, 2, Railway Place.

GLASGOW.
J. CRAWFORD, 632, Tollcross Road.

CRADLEY HEATH.
I. GROSVENOR, 43, Providence Street.

PYLE, S. WALES.
W. HERBERT, The Elms.

WEST HAM, E.15.
Mrs. E. JAMES, 67, Arthingworth Street.

DUDLEY.
G. PURSALL, 36, Washington Street, Netherton.

BIRMINGHAM.
Mrs. E. COOLEY, 28, Upper Sutton Street, Aston.

BIRMINGHAM.
F. P. CLARKE, 4/3, Leach Street, Ladywood.

COATBRIDGE.
J. McDONALD, 95, Whifflet Street.

MOUNTAIN ASH.
W. A. PARFITT, 41, Mary Street.

Other benefits paid this week include hundreds on account of Accidents, Sickness, Storm, Flood, etc.

Sign Now!

CUT HERE

J.B. 26.5.23.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name .....
(IN CAPITAL LETTERS).

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent .....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't seal envelope. A full policy certifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B., 26.5.23.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent) .....

Address .....

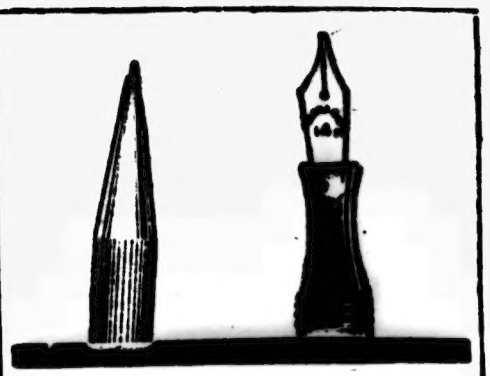
.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

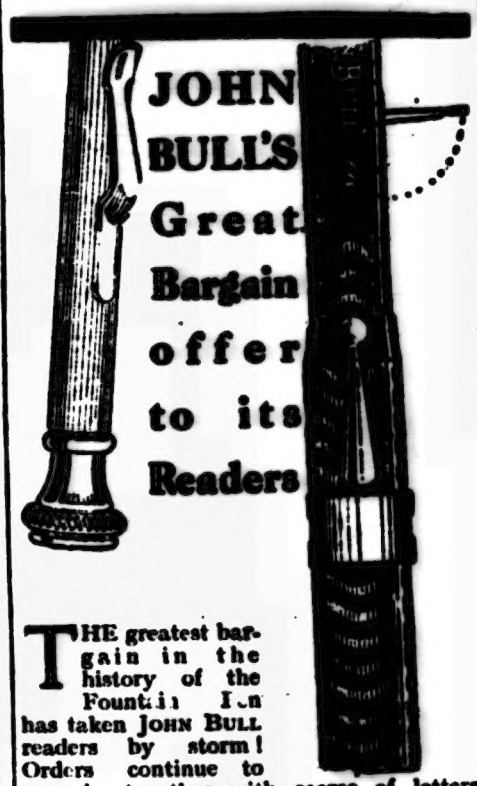
Signature .....

Address .....

Date .....



A 10/6 Pen for 5/6
AND
A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil
FREE!



JOHN BULL'S Great Bargain offer to its Readers

THE greatest bargain in the history of the Fountain Pen has taken JOHN BULL readers by storm! Orders continue to pour in, together with scores of letters testifying to the wonderful value we are offering. This new model JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Pen, complete, with Clip, has a 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, safety screw cap, and every refinement of the half-guinea article. You can judge for yourself before parting with any money. Sign and post the coupon to-day and you will receive both Pen and Pencil for inspection. THEN decide!

Send No Money
Just Sign Here

CUT HERE

Send no money. Available for 10 days only. JOHN BULL PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 JOHN BULL Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free), and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if broad, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application cross P.O. "& Co." and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

"J.B.," 26.5.23. DATE.....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line, averaging six words. Minimum charge, 24s.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and Beginners. — Sell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Warehouse, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A 20/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 31, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

A B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery Trade. How to start, useful hints, Worth Pounds. Post free. Write to-day.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 98, High Street, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

FREEMAN'S AGENCY.
ADD TO YOUR WEEKLY EARNINGS
by selling in your spare time
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES, MEN'S & WOMEN'S CLOTHING, DRAPERY, FURNITURE, BEDSTEADS, LINO, CARPETS, SEWING MACHINES, BABY CARRIAGES, WRINGERS, BICYCLES, CHINA WARE, WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, etc
GRAND VALUE.
Cash or Easy Terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Thousands of testimonials. Men in regular work, apply to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 160 to 167, Lavender Hill, London.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; free tuition; guaranteed wage for output; experience not necessary. Send one penny stamp for prospectus.—M. S. M. Co., Dept. 180, 91, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/12. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 110, Strand, London, W.C.2

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary. — Write for particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 245, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

PRINTING. — 10,000 Handbills at 3/6 per 1,000, Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples, 4d. postage. —Mead and Son, Room 60, Sandy, Beds.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (24 words, 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Canadian Advertising Agency (Dept. J.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

BARGAIN SALES.

A NEW SUIT, Raincoat, Costume, Boots, Cycle, Gold Wrist-Watch or Ring on easy terms, from 4/- monthly.—Write for price list and illustrations. — Masters, Ltd., 62, Hope Stores, Rye.

CYCLISTS, A GRAND GIFT!—If you want 50/- guaranteed better value in Cycles, best Cord Fabric Tyres at fully 25 per cent. saving, and all accessories at absolute bedrock prices, write for our 144-page catalogue. Big and costly as it is, with its hosts of fine illustrations, nevertheless, it's yours entirely free. We care not what other lists you've seen, if it's a bigger, better, cheaper market you need, this book is emphatically your best friend.—Send no money, but drop a postcard NOW to Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 62, Fulham, Burnley.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 4½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

CAMERAS by leading British makers at Bargain Prices on Easy Terms. Catalogue of full range of models post free.—J. G. GRAVES, LTD., SHEFFIELD.

GET INTO TOUCH WITH THE FACTORY.—Send a postcard to H. Samuel, The Empire's Largest Jeweller, for his big Free Book of 2,000 Bargains, and see what you save by buying at next to factory prices. Free Prizes for all Buyers. 7/6 Gent's Nickel Pocket Watch, jewelled movement, accurate and reliable, [illegible]. Thousands of other bargains in Jewellery, Watches and Electro-plate in the Big Free Book.—Write now to H. SAMUEL, LTD., 100, Market Street, Manchester.

CATAPULTS.—New design Streeg, very Accurate. 2/3 each, postage 3d.—J. RICH (J.B.), Eton Road, BURTON-ON-TRENT.

THE VECTE TOOTH BRUSH is English made and has no superior. 2/6, post free. Our sales offer to customers will enable you to save considerably more than its cost. — J. and M. MORRIS (Dept. V.J.B.), EAST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT.

MAGICAL!—Ink, wine and other stains instantly vanish from paper, linen, wood, hands, [illegible]. Astonishing Products, 3, White Lion Street, N.1.

WOOLS.—Double Knitting Fingering, Sports, Camel, Vest, Shetland Floss, etc. Any direct. Patterns free.—C. and E. Grant (Dept. 2), 42, Union St., Aberdeen.

MARKETING BY POST.

ENGLISH TOMATOES.—Guaranteed fresh, ripe, 12 lb. 12/-, 9 lb. 9/6, 6 lb. 6/6, carriage paid.—Dept. 5, Nurseries, Cattell, Norfolk.

LIVESTOCK.

YOUNG talking parrots and cages from 40/-. Singing Canaries 15/-. Livestock list free.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Rd., London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only. Patterns free. —Harris Tweed Dept., 1, James St., Stornoway.

MUSICAL.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments. Hlf. Catalogue free.—Dowlias, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

EDUCATIONAL, INSTRUCTION.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT.
THE
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.
The School that
TRAINS YOU FOR A POSITION.
Fees from 2 guineas.
Call and see the Secretary personally, or write for free illustrated prospectus.
BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD.
5 & 6, Coventry Street, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

THE CURE FOR WORMS. — Be your own Doctor. "Arlico" Worm Tablets are a specialist's Cure in tablet form, and positively and permanently cure violent cases. No fasting, no dieting, no interference daily habits. Generous supply, 1/6, post paid, with proof of cure. Send to-day.—Ridgard Tablet Co., Mfg. Chemists, 24-28, High Street, Codnor, Derbyshire.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Macon Road, London, E.W.2.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical book, worth many pounds. Containing good, sound advice and special information, of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. J.), 89-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

NERVOUSNESS, Blushing, remarkable 32-p. book on genuine home cure sent privately, 2d.—H. Rivers (J.B.), 46, Lamb's Conduit St., W.C.

NEW Life to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial pkt.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages, highly recommended for athletics, cyclists, etc. 1/6, post free; better qualities, 2/- and 4/6. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices.—Catalogues sent post free on application to LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MANUFACTURING CO., LTD (Dept. B.B.), 89-93, Worcester St., Birmingham. The World's Largest Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M. D., Specialist (Dept. L.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

SURGICAL GOODS.—Suspensory Bandages, 2/6, 3/6, and 5/-, post free, a necessity for all Athletes. Elastic Hosiery, Elbow-caps for "Tennis Elbow," and Weldrite Ideal Rupture Supports from 5/6 and Surgical Goods of every description. Best quality only at the cheapest prices.—Write for Catalogues, sent post free on application. W. GEORGE, LTD., SURGICAL APPLIANCE MANUFACTURERS, Dept. J., 29 & 31, GREEK STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C.2. ESTABLISHED 1840 and still foremost and best.

LIVE Again.—Semino rebuilds Nerves. Particulars, sample 2d.—Wilson, Manchester Rd., Bradford.

SURGICAL GOODS, Suspensory Bandages, Elastic Hosiery, Enemas, Syringes, Belts, etc. Write for free Catalogues (Dept. 2), Blake's Medical Stores, Bristol.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 3/6 bt., P.P., or write for particulars. "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

SUSPENSORY BANDAGES, highly recommended for Athletics, Cyclists, etc. Surgical goods of every description at lowest prices. Send a postcard for Catalogue before buying, and see what we have to offer. All goods tested and guaranteed full value or exchange. 5 to 8, Dept. J.B., Green Street, Shudehill, Manchester.

CURED MYSELF Tobacco Craving in two days. Free details curative method stamped address.—Yorker, 3, Cannon Street, London.

PSORIASIS permanently cured.—Write, enclosing only 2½d. stamp, Dr. Hora (J.B.), 200, Wimborne Road, Bournemouth.

SURGICAL Goods and appliances.—Trusses, abdominal belts, enemas, elastic hosiery, and surgical rubber goods of every description; latest catalogues free. Best goods only.—J. & Charles, West Green Road, London, N.15.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP AT NIGHT gasping and fighting for breath, your night's rest effectively spoilt—or in other words, are a sufferer from bronchial asthma—it is quite preventable. THE FAMOUS G.P. MIXTURE gives instant relief and never fails. Post free, 3/3.—THE PHARMACY, EAST COWES, I.W.

PILE SUFFERERS.—Itching stopped instantly. Money returned if not successful.—Mixtion 2/9 each.—Medico, 30, Jermyn Street, London.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

AUTOMATIC SELF-INKING

Printing Machine

45/- With complete outfit.

THIS massively constructed Printing Machine is the most wonderful of its kind, being sold at a tenth the price of any other of the same size with similar advantages. It is capable of turning out every class of printed matter

FROM A CHEMIST'S LABEL TO AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

including Perforating, Creasing and Box-making. The finest malleable iron and mild steel used in its construction. Smooth running, speed, accuracy and simplicity are maintained to the highest efficiency. You cannot afford to lose this opportunity of obtaining such a valuable asset. Type, rule and composing accessories, together with instructions, can be supplied to the above-quoted price. Full illustrated particulars, in two colours, together with samples of work turned out on one of our Machines, sent on receipt of a stamped addressed envelope.

THE "ADANA" AGENCY (Dept. J.B.)
84, King Street, Twickenham, Middx.

FREE — FREE — FREE
Advertising Offer.

TO every purchaser of 1 doz. NIESO Blades during — by 5 June — 24/- per doz. we are giving away 1 doz. free making 2 doz. for 24/- post paid.

NIESO

The 2 blades will fit any Gillette pattern razor. Terms of many unsolicited testimonials as "I find them twice as good as others I have been using twice the money for." "-/36 Shaven with one blade and still as good as ever." "I duly received the razor blades and find them very satisfactory. I enclose another 24 for a further dozen. Extracts from the Trade invited.

J. V. MCGILL & CO., 24, Dale Street, Liverpool. Sole Distributors in the United Kingdom.

BIRTH CONTROL

"SANITY AND DISCRIMINATION IN THE CONTROL OF PARENTHOOD."

A book for Married People and Those About To Marry. Specially written for working-class parents in PLAIN SIMPLE LANGUAGE; it tells you all you want to know.

2s. 2d., post free, in plain sealed cover, from: Secretary, Clinic, 11, Plashet Lane, London, E. 6.

Only sent to Married people and those about to marry. Declare which, when writing.

CEPEA SERGE
THE CEPEA FABRICS

Cepea Serge Shirts & Pyjamas

The colours last as long as the garment, and no material has a longer life in decent wear than Cepea Serge.

Stocked by nearly all hosiers and outfitters.

SHIRTS 9/6
(COLLARS EXTRA)
PYJAMAS 15/6

Prices reduced. Quality and make remain the same.

SEE THE TAB ON EVERY GARMENT.

In case of difficulty or substitution please write:—The Calico Printers' Association, Ltd. Advertising Dept., Manchester.

"Whenever we have produced an antiseptic which can be taken internally without risk of injury to cell-tissue, we will have conquered infectious disease."—Lone Listen.

'YADIL'

The antiseptic which will make the British Isles the first country in the world free from tuberculosis is obtainable from all chemists, including all Branches of Boots:—2 oz., 2s.; 6 oz. 3s. 6d.; pint, 9s. 6d.; quart, 17s.; postage, 3d., 6d., 9d. and 1s. Every 6 oz. and larger size has a coupon for free copy of THE YADIL BOOK. Interesting Booklet sent post-free on request. Address Clement and Johnson Limited, 29, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Pronounce it YAH-DIL.

CASEMENT CURTAINING

FROM FACTORY TO THE HOME.
OUR SAMPLE BEARER

GREAT SPRING SALE
ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS
10,000 Satisfied "John Bull" readers supplied in 1922.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.

This book shows actual qualities and designs. We are actual makers, and show you big savings in the purchase of Casement Curtainings of every description

INCLUDING FADELESS COLOURS.

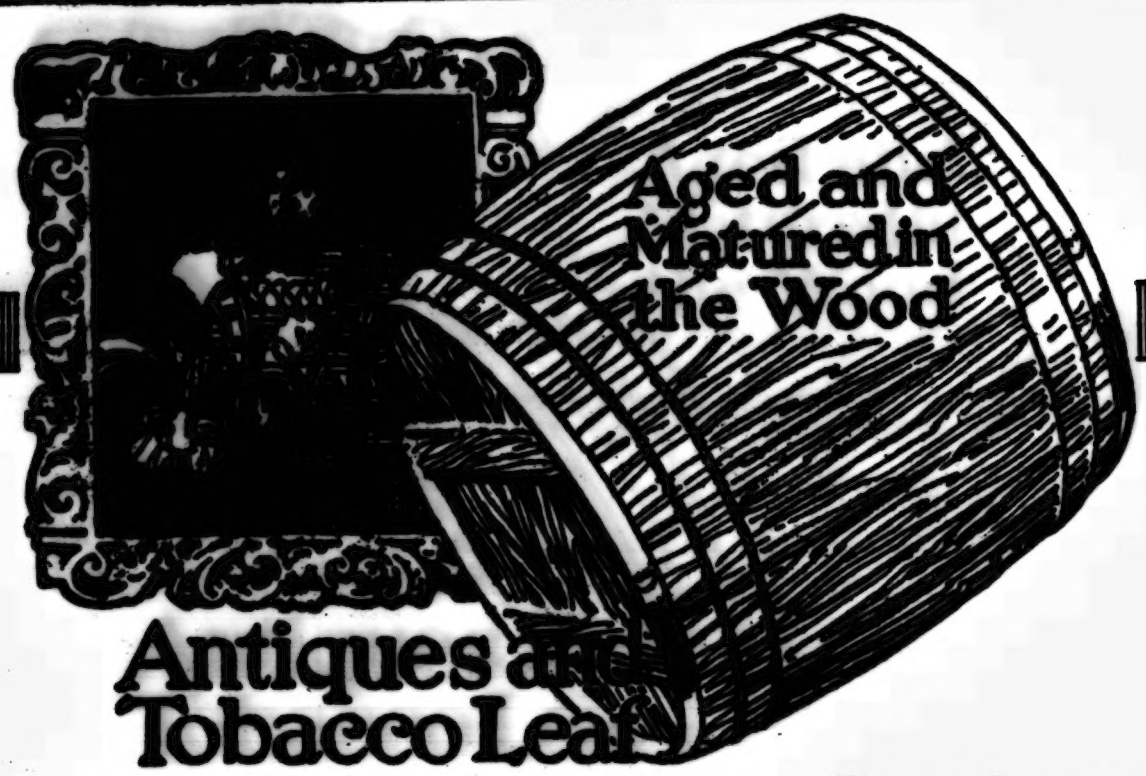
WONDERFUL BARGAINS.

Send Postcard to-day.

PATTERN BOOK POST FREE.
CASEMENT CURTAIN MFG. CO., 27, ALLUM STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*



Antiques and Tobacco Leaf

The Antique is the product of time. The craftsman may copy, but the result of his labours is condemned by its own title—"reproduction."
Time is the only maker of antiques. Only time can produce the perfect tobacco.

Time—ageing and maturing in the wood—perfects the famous 1919 Crop Tobacco, sweating out all harshness and rawness, making it fit to be made into "Turf" Cigarettes. That is why "Turf" Cigarettes have no bite, no sense of "newness," it is why they are mellow, fragant, soft and soothing to the palate.

TURF

VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

Jubilee Size

20 *for* 1/-

"TURF" SMOKING MIXTURE

Twenty Thousand pipes smoked by Twenty Thousand men, all of varying tastes and dispositions.

Twenty Thousand impartial opinions without exception putting "Turf" Smoking Mixture in the front rank.

This is the test that "Turf" Smoking Mixture has been put to during the last few weeks. The verdict takes the form of thousands of unsolicited testimonials—all placing "Turf" Smoking Mixture in the front rank—many going so far as to say that it is better than some brands costing 3d. per ounce more. All unanimous in the opinion that it is the finest value ever offered for the money.

If you want a smoking mixture that lasts longer, that smokes sweet to the last draw, and that won't get on your nerves, try "Turf" Smoking Mixture. If your tobacconist is not yet stocked, ask him to get it for you. Price 1/- per ounce. Supplied to the trade in small quantities only, so as to be always fresh.

Won't Get on Your Nerves

1/- per Oz.

Vol. XXXIII. No. 855.
Week ending May 20, 1922. Saturday. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

10, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Gerrard 5618
Telegrams: Hebdomally, London

For the People—— the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

Mr. Bonar Law—

The resignation of Mr. Bonar Law and the state of his health, which was the reason for it, will be regretted by everybody.

Beloved by All!

Without exception all members of Parliament, whatever their political colour, have the highest regard for the ex-Premier. His integrity and innate sincerity is the reason. Never has a Premier been so universally beloved.

And That's That.

The Communists and I.L.P. hotheads are loudly proclaiming that they won't fight Russia. The answer to which is that nobody has asked them to.

Fleecing the Wage-earners.

The cost of living is at the highest point since November, 1921, and much of the increase is due to barefaced profiteering. No wonder that, with falling wages, industrial unrest increases.

The Baldwin Squeeze.

The re-assessment of property, besides squeezing householders and tenants, is another serious burden on reviving trade. It is muddled finance of the worst description.

Another Tax on Food.

The proposal to tax foreign barley is iniquitous. Already the price of English barley has risen. It would simply create a monopoly and the consumer would pay—as usual.

We're Not.

The cost of our Rhine Army up to date is £56,500,000—which has been paid by the British taxpayer. So long as Germany doesn't foot the bill the Government is presumably content!

Soulless Money-grabbers.

There is a huge conspiracy at work to corner the world's wheat supply for the next five years. Unless governments take concerted action to protect their peoples the result will be bread at famine prices.

Ending Chaos.

The Russian reply to the British ultimatum opens the door wide to the possibility of a satisfactory settlement, and Parliament must insist that Lord Curzon and the Diehards are not allowed to be merely stupidly stubborn at this juncture.

Piffle!

Dr. Salter, M.P., says betting is making extensive "ravages" throughout the country. Dear us! Doesn't he know it's a sport and not a disease?

Much!

There is to be an inquiry into the price of gas. The answer to the question whether gas is too dear will be eagerly awaited by thousands who, like ourselves, believe that it is.

An Underhand Measure.

The Bill to prevent Trade Unions raising funds for political purposes deserves a speedy death. It is class antagonism of a particularly mean and petty type.

A Good Example.

France has compiled a volume of names of enemy agents discovered since 1914, and care will be taken to exclude them from France in future. A splendid example for our own authorities.

Illogical Wriggling.

Mr. Baldwin defends the reduction of the beer tax in preference to sugar, because the former is an article of general consumption. Just the reason for reducing *both*.

Cause and Effect.

Sir Basil Zarahoff is in Paris—and France is actively encouraging Greece to renew war with Turkey. The activities of this sinister figure call for firm international action.

They Have Every Right.

Why are names being suppressed in the investigations into the mismanagement of the Canteen Board? Ex-Service men badly want to know just who was responsible for the muddles and frauds.

It Must Be Healed.

The Minister of Health is right in describing the housing scandal as a "great national sore": and like him we cannot sufficiently admire and wonder at the spirit of men who fought for homes and have to live in slums.

The Net Sales of
JOHN BULL
are the largest of any 2d. weekly periodical in the world—
and they are
still going up!

Stopping a Nuisance.

The sooner the Bill to prevent firms from posting circulars abroad passes the better. It is a petty piece of unpatriotic meanness for which bad trade and economy are no excuse.

A Questionable Step.

The Bill to prohibit the publication of divorce case details needs careful watching. It will never do to infringe the liberty of the Press and thus make the remedy worse than the disease.

Baths for—Teeth!

It is now possible to obtain properly shaped baths for false teeth. What we want to know is when the homes for heroes with properly shaped baths for heroes' kiddies are going to materialise.

The Taxpayers' Burden.

The Mayor of Hythe says the craze for uniforms is making us like the Germans. The real trouble is not so much the uniforms as the ever-increasing hordes of officials inside them.

Degrading Girlhood.

When is the Government going to take drastic action against that pest of the theatrical profession, the bogus manager? He should be classed as a white slave trafficker and treated as such.

Probably Both!

Mr. Lansbury observes that the Soviet is the only Government willing to disarm. "Comrade" Newbold says there are 3,000,000 Red Reservists waiting to welcome the British fleet in Moscow. Someone's talking arrant nonsense.

The Wrong Cut.

Despite denials you can take it that the Government seriously contemplates cutting the pay of Tommy and Jack. If they want to combine economy with efficiency what about a salaries cut for Law Officers first?

Our Official Philanthropists.

The Disposals Board boasts that it has sold up to date, £650,000,000 of material. Very likely! Will they please tell us the *real* value of that material. The figures would make very interesting reading.

Nuff Said!

The silly laws on betting have never been more adequately described than by the Assistant Commissioner of Police who called them "antiquated, obscure, illogical and ineffective." Away with them!

Insincerity.

Political humbug was nicely demonstrated when Tory M.P.s protested against municipalities who have not yet adopted the King's Roll of Honour—and then proceeded to vote down a proposal to inquire into the case of underpaid ex-Service men in the Civil Service!

Thames Pluck Again.

Jack Comber, a Chiswick boy, jumped into the Thames at full tide, swam out and rescued a child of three who had fallen in. Well done, Jack.

Biscot Ex-Convicts.

When giving evidence against W. J. Green at Birmingham Mr. N. Richardson said that he had employed 100 discharged prisoners, and Green had been the first to rob him. A fine record for Mr. Richardson and 99 men.

Inexpensive Kindness.

It is not always want of heart that is responsible for cruelty to animals; in the case of the Edinburgh Town Council it is want of thought. The main streets, after a shower, become dangerously slippery, and the number of fallen horses as a result should in itself be a reminder to the Council to provide sand-bins. And it would cost the Council such a very small sum to be kind.

The Children Suffer.

When their father and mother separated Annie Sproson, a child of sixteen, had to take charge of her baby brother. The father, a Huddersfield man, lost his job, and Annie had to resort to the pawnshop for money to buy food. The strain was too much for the child, and she hanged the baby and herself, to "make mother suffer" as she explained in a note. A tragic warning to other parents.

Manufacturing Criminals.

At a Probation officers' meeting, Mr. F. E. Poulton, of Weymouth, said that the magistrates of to-day did not attempt to understand the characters of the people brought before them, and that was the reason so many were committed to prison. He referred to a 16-year-old lad now serving a three months' sentence, although his employer offered to take him back to work. A striking indictment of a merciless system.

Too Late—Too Late!

A tragic story that of Frederick Nash, aged 19. Missing him from home at Plaistow, his parents fearing mental derangement from overwork, and believing that he would make for Deal, telephoned to the police to meet the 9.38 train from London. It did not stop at Deal, but went on to Dover. The Deal police telephoned the Dover police who arrived just too late on the platform. Next morning the boy's body was found at the foot of the cliffs.

A Trade Union Barrier.

After being unemployed since his discharge from the Army in July, 1922, William Coombs, of Leader Street, Chelsea, answered an advertisement for an ink grinder, and was offered the position conditionally upon his joining the appropriate Trade Union. On endeavouring to do so, he was informed that he could not be accepted as a member as the Union had many unemployed on their books, and in consequence he lost the job. Surely it was not to prevent men earning a living that Trades Unions were instituted!

Butchering a Cat.

That he was apprenticed to a butcher was the defence put forward for the abominable cruelty employed in killing a cat by a youth named William Ellicot, of South Molton. First he took it by the hind legs and "bashed" its head against a wall several times, then put it in a pail of water, and when the poor creature jumped out and ran for its ninth life, chased it and finished it off with a coal hammer. And the amazing Bench dismissed the case and remitted the costs! Why not have awarded the young brute a medal?

Skye Heroes' Reward.

There is trouble again in Skye. Mr. Walter R. Johnson, a London merchant, secured an interdict against crofters who had raided his estate. A warrant has now been issued by the High Court, Edinburgh, for contempt of court, and these men will be arrested and brought before the Bar of the Court. And in 1914 every fit man in the Islands joined army or navy to "fight for his country."

Blind Harold and Blind Doctors.

When Harold Smith appeared in the Tottenham Police Court charged with obtaining £157 by false pretences from the Ministry of Pensions it was revealed that in 1914 and 1915 he had been passed into the army by medical boards that had failed to discover that he had a glass eye. He was fined £10. But the doctors have got away with their fees.

Worst Horse Starver.

Four months ago James Butterworth, of Broom Hall Road, Pendlebury, bought a horse. Occasionally he gave it a turnip; sometimes it got a little bit of corn. Its stable was both filthy and dark. In other ways it suffered terribly because of his callousness. The horse is now dead, and for two months Butterworth will be in jail. He has also to pay £25. Starving poor horses to death is a costly game in Pendlebury. And quite right, too.

Marry in Haste.

Pretty Mabel Annie Hanson at a Halifax picture hall met Lovell Raphiel Hodgetts, "Leo de Honri," of the music halls, and within a week became engaged to him. Too late she found he had a wife whom he had left to starve. Her fate might have been worse, for her marriage to him might have been legal, and her subsequent life one of long suffering. Even the judge had hard work to keep cool whilst talking to Hodgetts, who got off lightly with seven months.

No Mercy for Jennie.

Though well-to-do shoplifters usually escape jail, poor old Jennie Owen, a woman of fifty and mother of eighteen children, had no such luck. Her husband, a Southwark labourer, is unemployed, and Jennie succumbed to the temptation to steal from an Oxford Street shop. The Marlborough Street magistrate sentenced her to three months' hard labour. Surely a little mercy, in the circumstances, would not have been amiss!

The Mariners Lament.

Just because the owner of a house at Newport has neglected to keep it in good repair the Corporation have ejected the tenant—a mariner with a wife and ten children, the youngest being eight weeks old. As this poor fellow is out of work there is no prospect at all of him being able to secure accommodation. The Chairman of the Magistrates says that the man had their sympathy but that sympathy, we notice, is not robustly practical enough to provide the poor fellow with a home other than the workhouse.

For the Inexperienced Only.

"Garstone's," 56, Broad Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., who advertise for a partner with £50 and guarantee £3 weekly, evidently know what they are about when they add "No experience necessary," for applicants receive two foolscap sheets of typewritten balderdash regarding a mail-order business which anyone with experience would promptly consign to the wastepaper basket. We should like to know the name of the much boosted "Principal" of this concern, a point on which the circular is illogically—and illegally—silent.

Bosses who are Beasts.

Are moral conditions in Lancashire's cotton mills so black as they are painted by Mr. Ben Turner, M.P.? Is it true that there are unclean foremen and forewomen in authority, and also mill-owners who are moral beasts? If Mr. Turner knows he should table his evidence, and enable Associations to deal with the immoralists.

Shame! Mayor Thomas.

The Mayor of Oswestry (Mr. J. E. Thomas) submitted plans for four bungalows for the approval of the Town Council. They were disapproved. The chairman of the Housing Committee said the houses would not be fit to house cattle in. Evidently Oswestry has higher ideals of housing than the Mayor who should be its leader and its example.

Save the Children.

War is declared on the prurient monsters who encompass the ruin of children as a hobby. Lord Sankey agrees that punishment must be more drastic. At Glasgow High Court, James Gilmour, an old wretch who has many sins to repent, got two years; and a viler rascal, Thomas Aitchison, four years for abominations with young girls. The world must be made safe for children.

Canteen Profiteering.

There should soon be a few more surplus millions of canteen profits available for distribution amongst Army charities or speculation in crepe-de-Chine nighties judging by the excessive charges which prevail in certain N.A.A.F. Institutes. At the Rifle Depot at Winchester, for instance, eggs ordinarily obtainable at 1½d. are retailed to the Tommies at 3d. Further, the 8 per cent. discount allowed on groceries is more than counter-balanced by the high prices. Who is "clicking"?

Gill the Jailbird Again.

Tickets are being hawked round London for a benefit concert "for a few of the remaining old licensed cab and 'bus men," to be held at St. Peter's Hall, Manor Street, High Street, Clapham, on May 31. The name of the promoter is given as "C. D. Russell," but the methods are those of that hoary-headed old scoundrel, W. Martin Gill, whom we have so often exposed, and this may indeed be yet another of his innumerable aliases. We suggest that it would be a good thing if the police made a few enquiries.

Glasgow's War Widows.

A reader assures us that the women conductors on the Glasgow tramcars to whom we recently referred are all war widows and are not retained if they marry again. If this is the case, we must honour them for carrying on bravely for the sake of their bairns, and can only wish them speedy remarriage or a more congenial occupation. Tramcar conducting is no proper work for women with babies, and we should have thought the Glasgow Corporation could have found them more suitable employment which would not keep men out of a job.

"It's a Long Way to Go!"

Anyone hankering after a free holiday in Holland can obtain a Certificate of Membership of the "International Tourist Club," Utrecht. After paying 5s. for the privilege of seeing himself described thereon as a "Britisch subject," he will receive five similar certificates for his friends, and when they have each paid 5s., and each induced five friends to pay 5s., he will get his free holiday. That is, if the "Club," of which Capt. D. D. Sheehan, formerly M.P. for Mid-Cork, is still in existence and carries out its promises. But it's a long, long way to Tipperutrecht!

Starving Widows.

Councillor Harry Walker has tabled the charge that soldiers' widows in Liverpool are starving whilst their appeals to the Pensions Tribunals are pending. And the District Pensions Authority has formed a committee to consider the matter of soldiers' widows guilty of misconduct. Another sad example, probably, of cause and effect.

Strained Mercy and—

When Richard Desmond Thibeaudeau Taggart, son of the Rector of Bonsall, appealed against a sentence of nine months imprisonment for appropriating money collected for the blind, the Lord Chief Justice said, "We have decided to strain a point to save this youth from the peril that might follow on a period of imprisonment." Taggart was released on probation. A wise judgment, but the quality of mercy is strained indeed when reserved for a Rector's son.

—No Mercy at All.

Mr. Clarke Hall, the Old Street Magistrate, states that in 1921 three thousand youths between 16 and 21 were sent to prison, of whom 55 per cent. were first offenders. "In hardly any case should a youth under 21 be sent to prison for the first offence." Nevertheless the manufacture of criminals who are not rector's sons proceeds.

Disgracing the Labour Party.

The cause of Labour is ill-served by such men as Isaac Robinson, the President of the Hull Trade and Labour Council. As Mr. W. H. Eastman, a veteran Guardian, was speaking at the Board of Guardians, Robinson interpolated "Silly Old Fool." He got the shock of his life when the veteran challenged him to a fight; although Eastman is 40 years his senior, he said to Robinson: "I'll either make a cripple of you or a fool." He could only have made a cripple of him.

A Hero Indeed—and Thought.

When little John Forrester accidentally fell into the icy cold waters of the lake at Taylor Park, St. Helens, a glass-maker, William George Stampa, plunged in to his rescue. He did all he could but unfortunately failed to save the lad's life. The Coroner so appreciated Stampa's bravery that he awarded him £5 and is to report to the Royal Humane Society. Stampa, however, asked that the money should go to the bereaved family. A hero he is who puts the profiteers to shame.

A Prowling Scoundel.

When Percy Hayes, of Rosaville Road, Fulham, was charged with insulting behaviour by accosting a girl of twelve and giving her sixpence as an inducement to accompany him to a kinema, the West London Magistrate commented strongly on his monstrous conduct, and suggested that a more serious charge might have been made. Then adding, "I hope there was nothing in your mind of a wicked nature," he fined the prowling scoundrel forty shillings! Children would be safer if such beasts were caged.

Love in Nursing Home.

All the world over lovers are beloved except at the Wharfedale Nursing Home, Otley, where they are not allowed at the tea-table. A harsh rule which has lost one of the nurses her situation. Her fiancé came from another town to see her, and they were walking out when rain came on and compelled them to return to the home for shelter. The girl made tea for her guest, and for this she was dismissed by Mrs. F. A. Smith, the matron. Probably Mrs. Smith was never caught in the rain in her own courtship days.

Killjoy "Feats."

Local temperance organisations opposed the granting of a licence to sell intoxicants at a fete in Pontypool Park, alleging that there was drunkenness in the Park last year. Superintendent Spendlove, of the local police, however, declared that no drunken man was arrested. The killjoys are stooping to lies now.

Food Thrown Away.

Railway companies' charges for carriage being far too high, thousands upon thousands of hundred-weights of fish are being thrown on manure heaps to rot on the East Coast. And in the cities there are thousands of families who, day by day, have not enough to eat. A double scandal the Government must look into without delay.

Not Mad but Happy.

The Surveyor of the Tonbridge Urban District Council, whose statement that he was unable to start work on a new road at Speldhurst because of the scarcity of labour led us to ask whether he was mad, is as a matter of fact a very happy man, for the parish of Speldhurst has so little unemployment that he has been able to relieve distress in neighbouring areas by engaging men from other parishes to do the work. We are delighted to offer this tribute to his sanity and sympathy with the unemployed.

Sour Grapes

By the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

THE familiar fable of the fox and the grapes has another lesson to teach than the one usually attached to it.

Reynard thought the grapes attractive as they hung out of his reach on the vine where they grew. He leaped at them and missed. Then he tried again, and a second time fell short of his mark.

A few more attempts convinced him that his object was unattainable, so he consoled himself by saying that the delicious-looking fruit was sour anyway.

Was he not a rather sensible fox? His conduct might easily have been worse. Less than justice has been done to him by the moralists.

The expression "sour grapes" has become a proverb to denote the mean habit of depreciating what we cannot win and others may.

But this was not what the fox did. He simply decided that the grapes were not desirable enough to break his heart over: they looked better than they really were.

It was to himself he said this, not to anyone else, for it was himself that needed persuading.

He was right. Success is seldom as gratifying in actuality as in prospect. Mankind is largely lured by illusions.

It is a woeful blunder to sit down and mourn over what you cannot have. If you had obtained it you would probably not have found it come up to expectation.

To allow the loss of it to rob you of the incentive to effort in new directions is reprehensible.

The best remedy for any kind of disappointment is to harness your faculties to what you feel you can accomplish and do your best.

Pour all your force into the channel that lies open instead of wasting time lamenting before a closed one.

The old saw:

If she be not fair to me
What care I how fair she be?

is not bad philosophy, but few act on it.

It applies to most things in life.

Watch the Women.

Fifteen years ago the sugar tax was 1s. 10d. per cwt. It is now 25s. 8d. per cwt. The Government will find that the tea and sugar taxes will be their undoing at the hands of the women voters.

Truly a Road-hog.

In approaching a very dangerous corner, at a very great speed, Axel Morcke a motor-cyclist, ran into the hedge. The pillion rider was thrown 27 feet into a field, and remained unconscious for two days. When charged, Morcke was fined £11 and his licence was suspended for three months. As he was drunk at the time we hope he will have to sell the cycle to pay the fine.

Should a Nurse Tell?

At a Darlington inquest a nurse from the local hospital refused to give all the evidence within her knowledge because the doctor had instructed her not to. This is the latest form of medical tyranny. Carried to its logical conclusion a doctor can seal the mouths of any and every witness and so defeat the ends of justice. Of what value is a witness' oath to tell "the whole truth?"

Mind Your Own.

Busybodies and unco' guid on the Bideford Town Council had their noses gently tweaked when they complained that Sunday labour was being employed in connection with the fitting up of the Devon County Agricultural Show ground. The contractors replied that they reserved to themselves "the right to control our work as we think best." Which was a very polite way of telling the Council to mind its own business. And quite right too.

It Costs You Nothing!

Congratulations to Mr. Harbour of Amesbury. He recently had a fire in his house. That is not why we congratulate him. He had the good sense to be a registered reader of JOHN BULL. As a consequence he was entitled to a sum of £200 under our Free Home Insurance Gift, and a cheque for that amount has been sent to him. It is, as many other people have also learned, a handsome sequel to the mere formality of signing a regular order form for this journal. Have you signed yours yet?

Patriotism in the Post.

Among other patriots following the discreditable example of the Free Church Touring Guild, are Alpine Sports, Limited, of 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W., and 2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, London, W., who are sending out circulars printed and posted in Munich. It is not very edifying for the Rt. Hon. H. A. Fisher, M.P., the Rev. Canon Hannay, and other prominent people to find their lectures at Murren advertised in such a contemptibly mean fashion. Perhaps they will let Alpine Sports, Limited, know what they think of it.

Breeding Bolshevism.

About a month ago the Dumfries County Council reduced the wages of road surfacemen to 36s. a week, the Committee concerned even declaring their unanimous opinion that 39s. a week would be a reasonable and proper rate! A few weeks later the Councillors who gave effect to this shameful recommendation raised the salary of the County Clerk by £450 from £750 to £1,200 per annum, and professed to be very much pained by the attitude of five right-minded members who protested against the increase. No wonder Bolshevism flourishes in Scotland.

Shocking Official Blunder

Innocent Man's Reputation Ruined

Is any compensation to be given to Harold Gordon Taylor, the revue artiste, of 46, Brixton Road, S.W., who has been the innocent victim of one of the worst miscarriages of justice that has ever been recorded?

This man was playing in the "Nuggets Revue Company" at Penge, when a police officer from Croydon went to see him in his dressing-room. This police officer informed him that he had a warrant for his arrest for the non-payment of an order under which he should have paid 10s. a week to Jessie Murrell (now Mrs. Norman) of Addison Road, South Norwood, the arrears amounting to nearly £60.

Taylor was astounded. He had never seen or heard of Jessie Murrell. At the time he was supposed to have been friendly with her he was serving in the army in Ireland.

The police officer was rather shaken. "But," he said, "you are the man I want. The man I want is called Gordon Taylor, which is your name, and he has a snake tatooed on his left arm, and two gold teeth in his mouth."

Taylor bared his arm. There was no tatoo mark. He opened his mouth. There were no gold teeth. The police officer satisfied, apologised, and withdrew.

Apparently Jessie Murrell was not satisfied. The next thing Gordon Taylor heard about it was when he was playing in the same revue company in Birmingham. He was about to go on the stage when two police dragged him out on the same charge.

He was lodged in a cell until five o'clock the next day, when the Croydon police officer, who had previously refused to arrest him, was brought on the scene. He admitted that Taylor had previously satisfied him that he was not the wanted man, but explained that he was helpless, as the warrant had been executed. All that he could do was to take Taylor to appear before the Croydon magistrates.

Taylor was taken to Croydon and appeared before the magistrate.

During the proceedings the woman, who has followed Taylor to Birmingham, admitted through her solicitor that she had made a mistake. Taylor was free—and ruined.

He has lost his position. He has had to spend pounds in defending himself against a false charge. He has spent nights in jail. He is now out of work, broken by anxiety and distress.

He wants to know whether he can get any compensation for his sufferings. We are afraid not.

Things like this may happen to anybody so long as stupid police officers are directed by equally stupid authorities, who know that whoever suffers as the consequence of their stupidity it will be somebody else.

A Gang of Super Scoundrels

THANKS to our repeated ruthless exposures, the police have been able to round up a large number of the Chinese degenerates who, operating in the East End of London, have succeeded in demoralising the neighbourhood and accomplishing the ruin of countless young girls. In this article we give further details of places it would pay the police to raid and Chinese it would benefit the country to be rid of.

A WEEK after our article exposing the renewed gambling swindles of the Chinese undesirables in Limehouse, the police made a raid on a Puk-a-poo saloon in that district.

They found three Chinamen and twenty-seven English people there, including three white women and one white girl. One of the Chinamen was fined £200, or three months' imprisonment; the other two were given short sentences of imprisonment and recommended for deportation.

The police have only touched the fringe of this problem. We have received letters from the white wives of Chinese parasites, asking us to let these men alone. We shall certainly not do so.

When they attribute all these arrests to our articles, we are not concerned at the reproach. We are much more concerned to save the poor people of the East End whose scanty shillings are being stolen from them by the scum of Eastern cities who have settled down here in search of easy plunder.

A type of these undesirables is Sui Fong, who was sent to prison some months ago and ordered for deportation for trafficking in cocaine. The police described him as "an important capture." We doubt if they knew how important.

Sui Fong was the leader of the notorious Chung Yee Tong Society in this country. Very few people know this, even amongst the members themselves, as the inner circle is surrounded by almost impenetrable secrecy and mystery.

That is much of its strength. It rules by terrorism, and nobody knows whose arm will strike the blow that vindicates the murder gang.

Sui Fong was deported a few days ago, and is now on his way to China, where his money preceded him. He has left a white "wife" behind him.

His predecessor, Ng Yuen, a contemptible scoundrel, who was unfaithful even to his own dirty colleagues, was assassinated by one of them in the streets of Amsterdam a few months ago as he was trying to sneak back to China.

When Sui Fong went to jail his place was taken in the Chung Yee Tong by Lum Chong, who associated with May Roberts, "Queen of Limehouse," in Limehouse Causeway. May will be out of jail in a few weeks. Lum Chong decided not to wait for her. He, too, went suddenly to Holland, and will return to this country when he thinks the conditions favourable.

Lum Chong's position as Vice-President and Treasurer of the Chung Yee Tong has been taken over by a notorious Chinaman named Wong Kai Shong, who has frequently been convicted for gaming. He lives in Limehouse Causeway, where gambling takes place frequently.

Another person the police should watch is Wong Sui, who ran a gambling den at 45, Pennyfields. Frightened by our article, he said he would give up Puk-a-poo. He has not done so. But he has taken extra precautions, and has guaranteed his agents that he will compensate them if the police get them.

Agents for Chinese lotteries are very active at several houses in High Street, Limehouse. Draws take place in Pennyfields and Limehouse Causeway.

The police should also keep an eye on the "Jazz" Café in Gerrard Street, W., which is open all night, and is frequented by crooks and dope-dealers and Puk-a-poo merchants. A notable figure there is "Brilliant" Chang, who formerly had a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Piccadilly, and was mixed up with the scandal surrounding the death of Freda Kempton.

After that scandal Chang gave out that he was going to China. He really lived in Chinatown, and is now again in full activity.

Another leader of the Chinese gang is also again frequenting a certain West End night club and renewing his pestiferous connections with the dope-victims.

Poor girls used to go to this place in the hope of meeting Chinese dope dealers, and their cries of agony when they were kept waiting for the soul-destroying dope were so painful that they deeply distressed even the heartless women whose business it was to bring victims to such dens of iniquity every night.

Since our articles began and dragged to light so much exclusive information about this Chinese festering sore in the underworld, the police have made a substantial beginning in the task of cleansing the Augean stables.

Hundreds of arrests have been effected, and scores of Chinamen have been sent back home for the good of our country, if not of their own. It is unfortunate that many of them leave white wives and half-caste children behind them. They must not be allowed to plead their doubtful domestic relations—they have, most of them, Chinese wives at home—as an excuse for remaining here.

They do not work. They live by their wits. They are a danger to this country and a discredit to respectable Chinese merchants and traders. They must all be swept out.

An Old-Established Ramp

Get-Rich-Quick Home-Work Specialist

THERE seems to be no limit to the audacity of "Home-work Specialists," who advertise various methods of making money in spare time.

The following announcement recently appeared in a daily paper:

"An old-est. West End firm offers genuine Home Work, either sex. £3 to £5 weekly earned. No canvassing.—Pars., stamped add. envelope, Evans & Barrett, 3, Wardour Street, W."

The first thing that strikes one as strange is that there should be no mention of this "old-established West End firm" in the London Directory, or any similar work of reference. Further investigation shows that the only old-established thing about Evans and Barrett is their method of business which is as fly-blown and moth-eaten a ramp as any we know.

The sender of a stamped addressed envelope receives a foolscap circular referring to "this fascinating work," which is described as "strictly legitimate, honourable, and specially suitable for evening work," and is asked to fill in an Order form which reads hurriedly, "Enclosed please find Postal Order value 1s. 6d. for your complete Plans and Instructions of Money-Making at home, should I be dissatisfied you guarantee to refund my money."

Anyone who is fool enough to comply with this receives a leaflet containing "Valuable Prescriptions" for "A Cure for Blushing," "Superfluous Hairs," "Hair Restorer" and "Wavy Hair." He is instructed to have copies of these prescriptions printed and advertise them at 1s. 6d each, in any of a score of periodicals whose names and addresses are given in the leaflet.

In other words, Evans and Barrett, having found a fool to part with 1s. 6d., calmly suggest that he should find other fools in the same way.

As to their guarantee to refund money to dissatisfied applicants, it is worthless, and is on a par with a note at the foot of their Order Form, which reads:

"We originally sent our Plans and Instructions on approval before payment, but through being inundated with applications from those who wrote out of mere idle curiosity and had no intention of carrying out the work, we were reluctantly compelled to ask for this small amount."

"Reluctantly" is good.

The Men Nobody Wants

MEN who fought for Britain, who came thousands of miles to risk their lives for their Mother country, who cheerfully suffered the worst privations of war, are left to-day stranded, penniless and starving and nobody offers to help them—nobody wants to help them. They are Anzacs who to-day are unable to get back to Australia. Australia House has refused them aid. Why?

DO the people of Australia, that great and patriotic community, whose services in the war we in this country shall never forget, approve of the way in which their affairs are being handled by their official agency in London at Australia House?

In the interests of the good relations between the British and Australian nations we have felt it our duty to point out some grievous cases of gross mismanagement, and we have received letters of thanks and appreciation from Australian visitors to England who are deeply concerned and indignant at the bungling of which we have complained. They urge us to continue to do what we can to get these matters set right.

We believe that emigration to Australia may be of mutual benefit to that great Dominion and to the Mother Country. But the authorities who control that emigration must be competent and well advised. The cases of appalling suffering that come daily to our notice indicate that Australia House lacks the kindly human touch and the knowledge and competence necessary to make their emigration scheme successful.

Last Friday two people, returned emigrants, who had that morning landed from Australia, came straight to the office of this journal. They were Samuel Parker and Ethel M. Parker, his wife, late of Fremantle, Australia. Poorly clad, penniless, broken in health and spirit, they presented a pitiable spectacle.

Their wants in money and clothing have been for the present provided for by us, and they have been sent to Liverpool, where they have friends.

Parker should never have been accepted as an emigrant for Australia. A young ex-service man, he did his best. But he was not fit for farm labour, and he developed tubercular trouble. Finally, he had to go to hospital.

When he came out, he resumed the weary search for employment. He failed to find it. Day by day his health became worse, and then—the last calamity—his wife's health also began to fail. Weariness, hunger and despair had done their work.

Emaciated and broken, husband and wife crept surreptitiously on board the s.s. *Euripides*, homeward bound for England, believing that all their troubles would soon be over. They were discovered and sent back to Fremantle on the pilot boat.

Parker and his wife ultimately worked their way to Naples as cabin boy and stewardess on the s.s. *Beddington Court*, coming overland to England for the rest of the journey.

And while these unsuitable emigrants are being lured to Australia, native born Australians—who know the ways and conditions of their own country and are anxious to get back to it—are walking about the streets of our cities in rags and destitution. The tragedy of it is that these men are ex-soldiers, who offered their lives to their country in the hour of danger.

They may be counted by hundreds. Some of them overstayed their leave; some of them did not know the date on which the Australian Government, through newspaper advertisements, called upon them to return. Now their status is that of "illegal absentees."

Once able-bodied, vigorous Australians, they have been broken in the fruitless struggle to find work in our over-crowded British market. They have only one thought—to get back to their own friends, to their own homes, to the land they love and fought for. Do the Australian people know of their predicament?

A small proportion of these waifs and strays managed to get home. They had a good friend in an Australian gentleman in this country, who has made it his splendid hobby to help his fellow countrymen in distress. He has spent his own resources generously in this cause for the honour and good name of Australia. He does not belong to the official class.

He has redeemed some of these men from the workhouse, taken others who have lapsed into crime from the gates of the gaol, fed them, clothed them and helped them to get back their self respect.

A number of these derelicts, hungry and ragged, went in a body to Australia House, and asked to be repatriated. Their intended alternative was a scene which would attract publicity. They were dissuaded from this, and Australia House gave way, and sent them home. The others, with perhaps less initiative, but not less right, are still living where they can, how they can, and praying for some recognition that they are not hopelessly and finally abandoned.

Mr. S. Fordyce Smith, of the London Soldiers' Home, Buckingham Gate, S.W., an Australian ex-soldier, took his discharge in this country. Disappointed at conditions here, he asked to be repatriated, and sought an interview with Colonel Hogben, a leading official at Australia House. Colonel Hogben declined to see him, but sent a message through a girl clerk that no interview could be granted. This was the final decision of the "Official Secretary."

At the Agent General's Office he was told that as he took his discharge in the United Kingdom he had lost his birthright. At the Emigration Branch he was informed that no native of Australia or resident could obtain any assistance for a return passage. Naturally he feels very much that "a digger should be treated like this."

But perhaps the worst story of them all, certainly the most tragic, is that of Bombardier George Mackenzie, late of the Royal Australian Garrison Artillery, from which he was discharged when a comparatively young man owing to the loss of his right arm in an accident to a saluting gun at Government House, Melbourne.

During the war he came to this country with other Australian war-workers and was for some time lift attendant at Australia House. He was discharged when the staff was reduced after the peace.

He applied to Australia House for some financial assistance to help him in his declining years, and recalled the fact that he lost his arm in the service of his country. He was informed by the Official Secretary that there were no funds available for such a purpose.

No funds available for this poor old one-armed Australian ex-soldier!

He drifted along, subsisting as best he might, often saved only from starvation by the shillings given to him by clerks and messengers at Australia House when he called there in fruitless effort to see the higher powers. He got help, not from the great, but from the poor who understand.

He drifted down and down. Australia was far away, hunger was always near. He died a month ago in an ambulance in which he was being taken to Charing Cross Hospital, after collapsing in the street.

Poor old Bombardier! When his right arm was shot away, and his sight and hearing injured, he was a smart young Australian soldier engaged in ceremonial duties in the entourage of Government House. The Australian Parliament took up his case and voted him the sum of £300 for the loss of his arm, and pledged itself to look after him for the rest of his days.

Mr. Gillies, the then Premier of Victoria, gave a public assurance that he would endeavour to find some suitable employment for Mackenzie, whereby he would be able to maintain himself, altogether apart from the £300.

When this money had been spent, the Bombardier did not worry. He had the word of the Australian Government, through one of its Prime Ministers that Australia would not leave him destitute in his old age.

Unhappily for him, and for his last moments of anguish and despair, Australia House was unable to cash the promises of an Australian Prime Minister. It was apparently not concerned to translate into help the assurance of an Australian Government that it was always just and generous in cases of this kind.

These are the things that dismay Australians in this country who learn of them. We believe that the people of Australia will share their indignation. And we are certain that no greater service could be rendered to the mutual goodwill and regard of the British and Australian nations than an inquiry into the whole position, which we have felt it our duty to urge upon Sir Joseph Cook to take seriously in hand.

THE WOE OF THE O.B.E.

Mourning for the Flying Dutchman

THERE is woe in the ranks of the O.B.E., weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. Among the great array of those decorated for services rendered to the Empire there are many that are downcast, to whom the contemplation of ribbons of purple and cunningly wrought jewels brings only vexation of spirit. Members, Officers, Commanders, Knights Commanders, yea, even Dames Commanders mourn as they that are without hope, and will not be comforted.

In the days when the Order was yet a new thing, there were many that laughed it to scorn, saying, "It is given without merit." And some that had received it were sore dismayed, lest in the days to come their sons and their sons' sons should point at them and say, mocking, "What did you do in the Great War?"

Then there came a man out of Holland, whose name was John Marius de Waal. And he said he would make a great book of the achievements of them that had received ribbons and jewels, and it should be called "The Record of Reference in Connection with the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire."

And the Members and the Officers even to the Dames Commanders received him with great joy, for when the book of their achievements should be made and their sons and their sons' sons should ask them that question they would be able to show where it was written, "He sang at many concerts," or "She comforted the men of war with apples."

So they sent their money to John Marius de Waal, two guineas each they sent him, that they should have the book, bound in fine cloth.

But the book was long in making, and John Marius de Waal said to them, "Send me another guinea, and the book shall be bound in rich leather." And they sent each another guinea.

And John Marius de Waal returned whence he came, and took with him the guineas they had sent him, but the book of their achievements is not yet made, and they mourn for the man that came out of Holland and took their guineas.

THE NOTORIOUS MRS. MERRICK

Many people have been inclined to view with amused tolerance the appearance of certain disreputable night clubs in the West End of London. That such tolerance is a mistake and that strong police action should be taken, is revealed by the facts described in this article.

A STRIKING sequel has followed our exposure of the Apache dens in London, which masquerade under the name of clubs.

In our issue of April 14 we pointed out to the police certain drinking haunts in the West End where young women of questionable morals and manners consorted with crooks, racing sharks and other pests of Society. Police action followed swiftly upon our disclosures. A wholesale round-up took place which resulted in the apprehension of many of the leaders in this form of night pursuits.

The proprietors of these haunts are very wrath with JOHN BULL, but it is our intention to pursue these public pests until the atmosphere of our city is cleansed of them.

In the meantime we would point out an astonishing anomaly which resulted from the police action. First, let us pay due tribute to the energy of the authorities in following up our disclosures. But why on earth did the police fall short in their prosecution of two particular offenders?

Take the case of Mrs. Kate Merrick. This is the person who runs the club called "Les Folies Bergeres." Upon the publication of our article the police raided this place. There were 24 women and 46 men on the premises, many of whom were caught drinking spirits and champagne for which Mrs. Merrick rakes in fancy prices. Charged at Bow Street for supplying intoxicating liquors after hours, and for supplying the drink without a licence, Mrs. Merrick and her associate, Mr. William Joseph Patrick Leahy, were fined £90 each and £31 10s. costs.

We maintain that this punishment was grossly inadequate. Mrs. Merrick is an old offender. She is notorious. Three years ago she was fined for running a horrible underground den near the Alhambra, Leicester Square. The Magistrate, in fining her, described the place as "filthy." We would like to know, therefore, if fines are not a deterrent, why Mrs. Merrick is not sent to prison. And, by the way, the woman runs an establishment in Marylebone which may well deserve the attention of the police.

Another mystery of light punishment occurred in the case of Jean Straker, an alien whose hovel in Little Newport Street was raided by the police. The place was called the Dancers' Club; but it was, in fact, a resort for the lewdest lot of men and women imaginable. The drunken habitués used the filthiest language even in calling for their drinks.

The magistrate was frankly disgusted at the descriptions given of the goings on at this home of vice. *Yet no application was made for the deportation of this alien huckster.* He is let off with a mere fine when he should have been booted out of the country.

Straker is a Russian Pole, and apparently the magistrate made no order in the case in view of the difficulty of carrying it out effectively. It seems that passports are not granted to Russians unless the man himself applies for citizenship. But it does seem an astonishing state of affairs when the country has to harbour such types. At any rate we would like to know why an effort was not made to deal with Straker on those lines—why, in fact, a formal application was not made by the police.

Apart from these two extraordinary cases of leniency, we are satisfied with the result of our exposures. We understand that the police are following up the clues obtained in the course of the last raid, and that the life of many of these so-called "clubs," which harbour the worst elements of human society, will be shortened considerably.

At the same time we would suggest an alteration in the law which enables any crook or crooks to register a "club" simply by making a formal application.

If the police were first consulted before such licences were granted, it would save a number of raids and other unpleasant consequences which result from the wholesale granting of registrations.

WHEN JUDGE MEETS JUDGE

Those who invite people to invest their money and offer to advise them how to protect their investments undertake a serious responsibility. The following article deals with a company which gives such an invitation and which has many important names on its Council of Management.

WHEN you see on a prospectus names like His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones, K.C., of the City of London Court, Lord Terrington, Lord Tenterden, Mr. A. F. Houlder, late chairman of the Houlder Line, Ltd., and Mr. George Wardle, formerly Parliamentary Secretary of the Ministry of Labour, you may reasonably assume that you are on a good thing.

All these names appear as the Council of Management of a concern recently registered at Somerset House with the title of Co-operative Investment and Protection Society of Great Britain, Limited, with an office at 85, London Wall, E.C.2.

We are told that the essence of this Society's business is co-operation, protection on investments, security of capital and increased income. These are excellent ideas, and the prospectus says some very wise things about them. It points out also that during ten years nearly 20,000 companies went into liquidation, and the amount of capital involved was over £500,000,000.

After quoting these terrifying figures it suggests, with all the impressive emphasis of red type, that they are surely sufficiently serious to justify prudent investors in seeking the Society's protection against possible loss from such undertakings in the future.

Certainly it would be a very great service to the public if this Society could save investors in this country fifty millions a year or even one tenth of that sum. But we do not hold out any sanguine hopes of such a comforting development, nor do we advise investors to have anything to do with this concern, even though it is sponsored by such eminent persons as His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones, and peers and commercial magnates.

The reason why we regard this company without enthusiasm is not merely because the Society says that its members can transact investment business through the Society at a lower cost than obtainable elsewhere. We do not understand how this can be, so far as the usual stocks and shares are concerned, as the Stock Exchange has fixed rates of commission which its members are not allowed to share with outside bodies.

But there is another reason for caution. The secretary of the Society is Mr. B. W. M. Whitehill, Chartered Accountant, of 85, London Wall, E.C.2, and we are not sure that his efforts to secure immunity from disastrous losses would be as advantageous as might be desired. We make this reservation because he was for six years chairman of a concern called F.C. Proprietary, Limited, which was promoted by William Bancroft Snell.

Snell, who was a fellow director with Mr. Whitehill for this period, is not good company for people whose function it is to protect shareholders from losses. He was sentenced to eight months imprisonment in 1909 for fraud in connection with bogus insurance companies.

Speaking of F.E. Proprietary, Limited, Mr. Justice Eve, when recently ordering it to be compulsorily wound up, said that "although I have very little hope that the roguery underlying the affairs of this company will ultimately be fully investigated and punishment await those who are responsible for it, I shall do my best to prevent a continuance of the state of things which now exists."

We do not suggest that Mr. Whitehill was guilty of any of this roguery. But he was vendor to, and chairman of, the company for six years, and a fellow director of Snell. When therefore the prospectus states that the staff of "Co-operative Investment" are trained to render valuable assistance to the Society's members, we earnestly hope that it will not be such inadequate protection as cost the shareholders of F.C. Proprietary, Limited, the money which Mr. Justice Eve said was exhausted without the persons who found it receiving any benefit therefrom.

His Honour Judge Atherley-Jones, as he is now concerning himself in financial affairs, ought to be particularly interested in the judgment made by his colleague.

MYSTERY OF A GAMBLING DEN

WHAT is the secret of the immunity of Edgar Bredin, who has been running a flat at Brompton Road, S.W., devoted to gambling.

Apart from such achievements as card-playing and not paying hotel bills, and obtaining goods on credit, he has endeavoured to raise money in another way.

His procedure was to allege that he had been left certain monies under the will of a titled relative, and to try to raise a little money on account.

As a matter of fact the money is not due to him until after the happening of certain events which, at present, are very remote.

He approached a firm of bankers and merchants, called Alexander, Allan & Co., Ltd., at 77, Knightsbridge, S.W., to try to negotiate a loan, and received from them letters offering to raise £5,000 for him on his expectations under the will of Lady Catherine Walker, but suggesting that there might be some delay in the formalities.

With the aid of these letters this rascal, Bredin, alias De Trafford, induced people, one of whom was a well-known West End dressmaker, to advance money to him.

He has not paid them back. He admits now that he has no money, and he is proving this by going through the Bankruptcy Courts.

What have Messrs. Alexander, Allan & Co., Ltd., Bankers and Merchants, to say to the use that has been made of the letters they have written?

We do not think there is much use asking. This company was one of those with which Mr. E. A. Enever was associated, together with Mr. W. H. Bennett, who signed some of the letters to Bredin.

Sentenced at the Old Bailey the other day, Enever is now doing three years' penal servitutde for fraud, and Bennett is doing fifteen months' imprisonment.

These are the people that Bredin went to, and from whom he got the letters by means of which he obtained money and goods.

Why is it Spared?

Bredin, who used to live at White Cot, Orpington, Kent, has a bad record as well as a bad reputation.

He has been to jail for offences in connection with dishonoured cheques. He has also been fined for obstructing the police. He is married to a woman, Betty Bredin, who has been in the hands of the police on charges of soliciting.

Though this precious pair had no money for the purpose of meeting claims made against them in the Bankruptcy Court, they are somehow able to live in good style in an expensive flat at De Vere Gardens, Kensington. How is it done?

REFORMERS WHO DON'T

Some Hints to Socialists

by SIR JOHN FOSTER FRASER

RUDENESS is not the prerogative of any one class.

The old lady explained that vulgarity was "what other people are guilty of"; and whilst there is the arrogance of caste, the presumptiousness of wealth, there is a special sort of insolence which accompanies democracy.

The sturdy zealot for equality, who insists he is as good as the other fellow, regards civility as servility and demonstrates he is a free man by wearing his hat and keeping his pipe between his teeth on entering a room to discuss business with someone who might have the idea he was the superior individual, is not proving he belongs to a progressive age, but is retrograding towards savagery.

WHEN Jack Jones, M.P., used coarse language which was resented by the House of Commons he declared he had been merely talking in the dialect that was understood by his constituents of Silvertown—and no doubt he was right.

When the fashionable young sprig of Mayfair gazes from his Piccadilly club window upon a procession of unemployed and announces his opinion that they are a gang of damned cadging wasters he is offensive, but probably does not mean any more than that the sight of ill-dressed and shambling men is disagreeable to his æsthetic sense.

There has been much said of late about the unruly manners of the Labour Party in the House of Commons. Quite correct; but I can recall occasions when Conservatives, being in opposition and flushed with indignation, behaved in quite as uproarious a way. The pot rebuking the kettle for its black face makes cynics chuckle. That is why, when Lady Astor is irritated because she is interrupted by loud comments from "the other side of the House," most parliamentarians laugh.

But the gentlemen who have the secret for abolishing poverty, and whose perorations have generally some references to the brotherhood of man, the amity of nations and the blossoming of the Millennium, might give the rest of us a lead in courtesy.

IF the aristocracy are a lot of booze-addled parasites; if capitalists are bloodsuckers; if employers are sweaters always using foul language unless they have their hoofs upon the weary neck of the proletariat; if the rest of us have a habit of regarding those we think our inferiors as scum, what a chance, by the admirable policy of example, Labour leaders have of showing us that picturesque aspersion is not the same as logical argument.

We are probably the victims of our environment and act with heartlessness because we know no better.

So it is up to the regenerators of society to give us the correct style in manners.

One gathers that amongst our most advanced politicians—men in the very van of enlightened thought, like Comrade Newbold who can smile superciliously at the mush-headedness of all M.P.s, save one—the Soviet in Russia is an ennobled example of what sane government should be. But when the Soviet was reminded that civilised countries did not now kill and imprison ecclesiastics for their opinions the Soviet provided the civilised countries with a display of its protruding tongue.

THE young sprig of Mayfair may be bad mannered in his references to the unemployed. But if he strolls toward the Marble Arch in Hyde Park on a Sunday morning he will hear unwashed but fervid orators denounce all of his class as battening on the labour of the toilers, callous profiteers, venal and stupid, a greedy congerie of idle rich which shall be kicked off the face of the earth.

Tories in Parliament have been known to be noisily obstructive. But then they're Tories. That perhaps explains their numerable shortcomings. The Socialists who hope to rule us all might rule themselves a little more. Instead of imitating our bad manners they should give us such an exhibition of good manners that we would be thoroughly ashamed of ourselves.

Noblesse oblige!

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE present Father of the House has achieved his wildest ambition. He has been honoured by the leading members of each political persuasion. Men who are at daggers drawn on every other subject under the sun have united to pay him homage. And this touching tribute perfectly represents the ideal for which he has always striven.

For "Tay-Pay" is a super-sentimentalist. Throughout his public life he has maintained a fervid belief in man's essential goodness of heart. Again and again his most cherished dreams have been put to flight by reality, but he has stuck bravely to his banner. Never for a moment has he doubted that everything will come right in the end. His creed may be summed up in the phrase that used to end every respectable fairy-story: And they all lived happily ever afterwards!

"TAY-PAY"

THOUGH he has passed the greater portion of his life in a place where every conceivable crime has been perpetrated on a colossal scale (I refer, of course, to the House of Commons) and where every dirty trick in the calendar of knavery has been played with the utmost regularity, he still believes that Honourable Members are all gentlemen at heart. He reminds me more than anything else of a Socialist who, in a shower of bad eggs, persistently asserts the brotherhood of man; and who loudly proclaims, each time his hat is knocked over his eyes, that the strong point about his fellow-beings is their loving-kindness.

IN short, Mr. O'Connor is always bursting to embrace humanity, to take it to his heart, to think well of it; and each time it cuts an exceptionally barbaric caper he drops a manly tear and strengthens his belief in its unfailing nobility of soul. In this way he naturally makes a lot of friends, because people love those who think well of them. Even his criticisms of other folk's behaviour have usually been softened by the comment that "they knew not what they did." Such an attitude invariably drew gentle responses from offending ministers and even appealed to what is called the sporting-sense of the other critics. So he has never encountered much difficulty in running with the hare and hunting with the hounds all through his parliamentary career.

T. P. is a great raconteur. He loves spinning yarns about the great ones of the past. He is often to be seen in a corner, chin-wagging with a fellow-crony. He loves to hear spicy stories of famous men and women; above all he loves love-stories. No one alive has a richer repertoire of these. And his incorrigible sentimentalism induces him to picture a halo of romance about the most sordid passions.

Thus whenever a notability dies (about whom there lingers the memory of a love-intrigue) T. P. is in great demand to furnish forth the necessary details—in romantic wrappings of course. He is able to do this without hurting anyone's feelings or making the dead turn in their graves. Indeed, the whole truth about Mr. O'Connor can be put as follows: He is an ideal writer of obituary notices!

CARTOONETTES

by FRANK HOLLAND

For Singapore at cost galore
New docks we're now docking,
But when it comes to clearing slums
We start economising.

Of German bluff we've had enough
It's time the game should stop,
Especially when those sort of men
Are labelled "Special Cop."

Assessments as house-owners find
Have gone up with a jump;
With such a tax upon their backs
No wonder they've the "hump."

It's clear that Bridgeman sinned against
The Habeas Corpus Act,
He may perhaps survive the lapse
But someone should be sacked.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, M.P., Ministry of Health.

SIR,—When are you seriously going to take up the vital question of pure food and drink? London Medical Officers of Health are discovering that all manner of food is being doped with preservatives which are injurious to health. This means that your bloated department is scandalously neglecting one of its primary duties. I suppose that when a few babies have been poisoned by boric acid you will begin to sit up and take notice, but your job is to prevent these tragedies, and the sooner you get busy on the proper administration of the Food Acts the better it will be for the public—and for yourself.

JOHN BULL.

To Lord ASHFIELD, London General Omnibus Company.

MY LORD,—One or two of the L.G.O.C. drivers have been convicted lately for dangerous driving and obstruction in their efforts to get the better of omnibuses run by other companies. I know you resent the legitimate efforts of other people to smash your monopoly by running so-called "private" buses, but industrial competition is healthy and you've got to put up with it. Competition between individual drivers, however, is a public danger which must be put down with a firm hand. I sincerely hope that these road-hogs of yours have no encouragement from headquarters.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir MONTAGUE BARLOW, K.B.E., M.P., Ministry of Labour.

SIR,—William Marvel, of Newcastle, an unemployed electrician, gave some of his blood for a friend and after the operation, which probably saved his friend's life, he called at the Labour Exchange to collect his dole. He was told he could not have it because his injured arm would prevent him taking a job if offered. As a pernicious example of red tape this would surely be hard to beat. Can't you remove the unimaginative ass who gave this decision and give his job to someone with a head and a heart?

JOHN BULL.

To H. W. T. GARNETT, Esq., J.P., Unionist Club, Otley.

DEAR SIR,—It was only to be expected that the local killjoys would raise their hands in pious horror at the Derby Sweep which your club is promoting. That anything so terrible should be conceived in Otley naturally shocked them, so they borrowed pen and ink and sent you the usual packet of sanctimonious pyjaw in the hope of nipping your scheme in the bud. But you happen to be a magistrate, and you were able to assure them that in all your long experience you knew of no single case in which a sweepstake subscription had led to the "fraud and misery" which they contended were directly traceable to such things. That *ought* to silence them but the killjoy germ is a difficult one to spifficate.

JOHN BULL.

To E. FORBES LANKESTER, Esq., K.C., West London Police Court.

SIR,—When Samuel Morley, of 119A, Hammersmith Road, was summoned before you on a charge of using his shop for betting purposes the police witnesses swore that from a van outside they had seen people hand slips over the counter. While the case was under remand you went down and had a look at the place yourself, which was a highly unmagisterial but extremely sensible thing to do, and you satisfied yourself by actual experiment that it was quite impossible to see the counter from outside and that the evidence of the police officers was therefore false. So you dismissed the summons—but at the same time said you passed no reflection on the policemen's honesty! This most astounding conclusion cannot rest where it is. The protection of the public should be your first consideration and if these men committed perjury for the sake of securing a conviction it is your duty to see that they are punished.

JOHN BULL.

To Capt. the Hon. E. A. FITZROY, M.P., Deputy Chairman of Committees, House of Commons.

SIR,—I have no sympathy with the politics of Mr. Newbold, the Bolshevik Member for Motherwell, but it strikes me that you treated him with less than proper consideration the other night when he lost his temper and called you a "bourgeois." This harmless sounding epithet evidently got you on the raw and you ordered him out of the House, without giving him the customary chance of withdrawing his remark. What you want as Chairman of Committees, in addition to absolute impartiality, is a plentiful supply of tact and patience. And these are just the qualities you seem to lack.

JOHN BULL.

To Major FRANCIS CALDWELL, Chief Constable Liverpool.

DEAR SIR,—In your evidence before the Select Committee on Betting you mentioned that the time spent by the Liverpool Police in watching betting was equal to the full time of 23 men, costing £8,000 a year. Many thanks for drawing attention in this graphic manner to a deplorable waste of public money. It would be interesting to know how much cash is thrown away throughout the country in bolstering up our ridiculous betting laws, and spying on bookies, while a vast body of real criminals go scot free.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Rev. Dr. PEROWNE, Bishop of Bradford.

MY LORD,—I am glad to see there is at least one Bishop who can spare time from revising the Prayer Book to draw attention to the physical needs of his people. You tell us that in Bradford there are 40,000 houses of the pig-sty back-to-back order, and that 3,700 houses which were condemned as insanitary before the war are still the "homes" of 14,000 human beings. It is a perfectly appalling state of things that you expose, and I wait impatiently with you to see what Bradford is going to do about it. Meanwhile I hope the other bishops will follow your lead and drag these dark scandals out into the light.

JOHN BULL.

To WILLIAM STEVENS, Finchley Road, N.

You are an ungodly brute. The spectacle of your terror-stricken children rushing into the police station in their night-dresses, crying that their father was ill-treating their mother, is one to move the stoniest of hearts. That you are as cold as you are cruel is seen in the fact that this is no infrequent episode. You were found by the police, as described by your three young children, maltreating your wife and eldest daughter. You deserve a flogging rather than a fine, and I should like to give it you myself.

JOHN BULL.

THE TAXPAYERS' TOURNAMENT

TAX
TAX
TAX

Without Fear or Favour

The Editor's Views on Vital Topics

BEFORE the war the King was wont to say, at the opening of each session of Parliament, "My relations with foreign Powers continue to be friendly." It would mean a vast addition to our comfort, and at least another shilling off the income tax, if the same could be said to-day. But we cannot say it, except with our tongues in our cheeks.

The Powers and Peace

Look where we will, towards Russia, towards France, or even westward to the United States of America, there are fruitful possibilities of strife. Is there no help for this? Idealists like Lord Robert Cecil point to the League of Nations and declare that if only we would trust to this nascent organisation, the world's troubles would fall away like an evil dream.

But would they? We cannot believe it. The League in its present form is far too imperfect an instrument for a task so immense. Are we, then, to sit with arms folded in blank resignation and despair? For ourselves we hold very strongly that the time has come when a World Conference should be held for the resettlement of Europe in the light of the experience gained since the Treaty of Versailles. By common consent this Treaty had many flaws. It was forged on the anvil of resentment, thrown together in haste by statesmen worn out in mind and spirit by the labours of the war. There is surely no reason why in the summer of 1923 wiser counsels should not prevail, and if only the Great Powers could meet with the earnest determination to rid the world of the menace of war for at least one generation—not, surely, an extravagant ideal—there might be some hope of better things.

It may be that this proposal for a World Conference on the lines of that which took place at Washington in regard to naval affairs is a fantastic one, and that even if the British Government had the courage to summon the Powers the result would be disappointing. One thing, however, is certain. Either we must make peace or within a measurable space of time we shall again have to make war.

COMMENT is still rife in the Temple and, moreover, in business circles generally, over the recent incident in the House of Lords, when the Earl of Birkenhead thought it necessary publicly to rebuke Sir John Simon for his want of attention to the business of the House. It was his Lordship's contention that, having accepted a brief for which he was to be handsomely paid, it was the duty of Sir John Simon, as of any other advocate, to appear and argue it. Was the ex-Lord Chancellor justified in his stinging comments? Will Sir John Simon return to the attack?

Sir John Simon

We shall be sorry if the subject is allowed to drop. In our view the rebuke administered to Sir John Simon was a just one, and not all the cleverness of his reply in the House of Lords can dispose of the charge against him. It is notorious, and a matter of bitter comment throughout the commercial world, that it is the increasing habit of leading counsel—the loftily superior Sir John Simon being no exception to the rule—to treat their fat-feed briefs with a light and airy indifference, and frequently to pay no more attention to them than is absolutely required of them by legal etiquette.

In attacking this abuse in the person of Sir John Simon, the foremost advocate at the English Bar to-day, Lord Birkenhead displayed sound wisdom and signal courage. Sir John Simon's attempted defence, apart from its impertinence, was extremely evasive. It was intended to convey the impression that he had returned his brief and, therefore, was under no obligation to appear; but he did not say so, he could not say so, because it was in fact not true. The learned King's Counsel had certainly not parted with his brief; in the effort, as it were, to make the best of both worlds, he had retained it, on the chance that he might be able to look into the House of Lords on the second day, and see how the case was going on.

This was not good enough for Lord Birkenhead, and, if we may say so with respect, it is not good enough for the public, who from time to time employ these highly paid lawyers and expect them to do their duty. Very rapidly lay clients are becoming disgusted with the rapacity of these affluent monopolists. Since the retirement from the Bar of Lord Carson and Lord Birkenhead, Sir John Simon has acquired a commanding position, but he must learn, as bigger men than he have had to learn before him, that no Counsel, however eminent, has the least right to accept fees from a litigant except upon condition that he subsequently appears in Court to see the business through.

THE Lord Chief Justice last week entered a wise and humane protest against the persecution of prisoners after their discharge from jail. The matter arose on the appeal of an offender who had been sentenced to five years' penal servitude for larceny, and who feared, as he told the Court, that on the expiry of this sentence he would be rearrested in respect of an old indictment lying on the file.

Cat and Mouse

That this was no idle dread is only too certain. In the past it has repeatedly happened that at the moment of their discharge prisoners have been rearrested at the prison gates in order to be put upon their trial for offences grown stale with age. The lot of the ex-prisoner is hard enough in all conscience without this added terror.

It is unfair, moreover, that the police, as they notoriously do, should dog the footsteps of the ex-prisoner in such a manner as to make it virtually impossible for him to regain his foothold in civil life. Only the other day, at Barnet, a licensee who had conducted his house respectably for several years was "spotted" by a detective taking a drink in the bar as one who, so long ago that it might decently have been forgotten, had been convicted of a criminal offence, with the result that his licence was withdrawn and his living lost.

This sort of thing is intolerable The doctrine, "Once a criminal always a criminal" should receive no countenance from the law.

WHILE thousands of British ex-Service men are tramping the streets in a vain search for employment, a swelling number of our late enemies, the unrepentant Germans, are being imported to snatch the available jobs. The excuse made is that imported Germans are brought here for their special linguistic gifts or for skill in some particular calling, that they are in fact "key" men whose presence here makes for more work for Britons, and it is on that plea that the Ministry of Labour authorises their importation.

German Job-snatchers

The plain truth of the matter is that this talk about special qualifications and "key" men is so much bunkum, designed to throw dust in the eyes of the public.

Most of those granted permits come to take positions as foreign correspondents, but the Ministry of Labour which authorises their importation has on its books a sufficient number of ex-Service men fully qualified in every way for this work, and could easily supply all the labour necessary without calling in German aid.

For some time past there has been a plague of letters from smooth-spoken Germans of the pushful type, offering themselves as clerks in British offices for salaries on which no self-respecting Briton could attempt to live. These offers are snapped up either by greedy employers or by those what at heart are friends of Germany.

And how can the job-stealers manage to exist on the starvation wages they ask for? The answer is simple. Many of them are attached to the Reserve of Officers of the German Army and are receiving reserve pay. Others are subsidised from the German Secret Service Funds in order that they may serve the Fatherland abroad. Yet others are here as industrial spies retained by commercial and industrial agencies in Germany to report on British business and trade methods.

It may suit the pockets or the principles of some employers to have German workers imported here, but it is not in the interests of the nation, and the Government must end the scandal.

AT a recent inquest it was shown that a titled lady, addicted to Christian Science, though seriously ill, had refused to avail herself of medical aid. In this peculiar attitude, which cost her her life, she was upheld by her daughter, who evidently shared her mother's devotion to the faith of Mrs. Eddy. It appears that this suicidal type of religion is becoming rather common, and it may be as well to sound a note of warning. If a grown-up person likes to court death without medical assistance, as someone rather unkindly put it, that is quite literally his funeral, but if the position in this case had been reversed and the mother had refused to summon a doctor to her child, she would in all likelihood have been found guilty of such culpable neglect as amounts to manslaughter.

Suicidal "Science"

In this country, happily, people are not allowed to indulge quasi-religious freaks at the expense of lives entrusted to their care. This is the law, and we hope it will always remain the law.

OUR LIBERTY AT STAKE

by A. G. GARDINER

WHEN I walked through the streets the other morning I saw them flooded with th illing placards about the knock-out blow which Joe Beckett had administered to Dick Smith. I did not see one placard devoted to a much more sensational knock-out blow—that given by Lord Justice Scrutton and his colleagues to Mr. Bridgeman and the Government. I suppose the newspapers were right in their view as to what stirs the great heart of democracy. Liberty is a thing which we only appreciate when we haven't got it. Then we want it so badly that we will die in the last ditch to get it. And having got it, it is less important than the result of a prize-fight.

It has been our boast that this is the freest country in the world. I believe it is true. Nowhere else I think does the individual enjoy the same measure of social and political liberty. In no other country is the plain man so secure from interference and oppression. This happy immunity is based on the fact that no one is above the law. No one, neither King, nor Minister, is powerful enough to have me or you or the humblest errand boy in the land whisked into jail or overseas without charge or without bringing us to trial.

This liberty of the subject, this paramounting of the law over the executive, is the true corner-stone of all our freedom. It has been won from tyrant Powers through centuries of struggle. It is the most precious thing that we possess.

But it is never unchallenged. It is always on its defence against the lust of power, and in times of commotion it is the practice of governments to over-ride the law and to claim despotic right over our lives, our liberties and our fortunes. That was the great engine of tyranny put in operation during the war under D.O.R.A.

We had to submit to it. And the question now is whether we are going to continue to submit to it when the emergency has passed. The Government issued a challenge to everyone of us in the arrest and deportation of O'Brien and his 100 fellow Irishmen. Whether they were guilty of punishable offences is irrelevant. If they were guilty they should have been subjected to the processes of the law. Instead, they were spirited away without charge and without trial, under a Power that had ceased to exist and to a country not under our jurisdiction.

A more impudent defiance of the law and of the liberty of the subject was never perpetrated.

Thanks to the judges we have won the first round. The Executive have been humiliated in a way that, in normal times, would have brought any Government down. But let us be careful. There is a rumour that they will try to extract from Parliament that very power over our liberties which they have been punished for exercising without possessing—in a word, that they intend to ask Parliament to put them above the law.

That is Bolshevism. Let the Government remember that if they begin this game they will set an example which other Governments may be quite ready to follow with unpleasant results. Tyranny is a disease which is easy to catch; but it always ends in unpleasant things like guillotines and scaffolds.

FOUR TO ONE AGAI

by the Rt. Hon. the EARL OF BIRKENHEA

THE Nation which geographically is nearest to us; the nation wh could, if it would, in one swift moment destroy London, is, in ev term by which one can measure air strength four times as strong as are," says Lord Birkenhead in this remarkable article. It is not an expr sion of opinion; it is a statement of facts. Too long have we lived i fools paradise believing that, because we were able to combat to a cert extent the raids of German aeroplanes and Zeppelins, we are secure fr serious air attack. Never was a greater mistake made and in these colun Lord Birkenhead proves this. He has written with the serious intention rousing the nation and those in authority to take effective measures ensure the security of the capital of the Empire, and it is no exaggerat to say that a more forcible advocacy of the cause has never been pen

FOR many centuries the security of Great Britain has depended upon the fact that the centre of the Empire was an island. We were inaccessible to any attack, unless it proceeded from a nation stronger than ourselves upon the seas. The international policy of this country was, therefore, simple. We could afford to disregard the relative strength of our army as compared with those of Continental Powers. Our army, therefore, for twenty years before the outbreak of the Great War, was almost negligible in numbers, although in technique and in unitary efficiency it was the superior of any army in the world.

But dramatic changes occur so swiftly that we are almost blind to their consequences. The conquest of the Air has revolutionised every stragetic conception upon which the very existence of this Empire depends.

IN the years which preceded the War we measured our security — and rightly measured our security—in terms of the Navy alone. At one moment we adopted the standard of a Navy equal in strength to all the navies of the world. At another we announced our determination to maintain a Navy equal in strength to the two greatest maritime Powers in the world. But never did we abandon our security; never did we abandon even a margin which might give us an advantage against a possible assailant.

If we had done so we should have been mad. For having no army, all that we ever had in the world was a defensive resource which might avail to protect the greatest Empire in the world against those who were minded to attack it.

It is not sufficiently recognised that the problems upon which naval policy was based until 1914 are still with us. But the potentially aggressive elements which endanger, or may endanger, our security are growing day by day. We are face to face with this prodigious circumstance—that London, the capital of the Empire, can be destroyed in twelve hours unless it is protected by defences in the air adequate to meet and repulse this assault.

WHAT is the situation to-day? The nation which geographically is nearest to us; the nation which could, if it would, in one swift moment destroy London, is, in every term by which one can measure air strength, four times as strong as we are.

No sensible person will raise his voice on the subject of Anglo-French relations except in the hope that he may improve them. It is equally true that no observant person will fail to note the fact that feeling in France, as reflected in the Press, has never been so unfriendly to this country since the Boer War. I am myself extremely hopeful that moderate opinion in both countries will induce the conclusion that the fundamental interests of both require the maintenance of that Alliance which was attended in the War by so much glory, so much anxiety and so much success.

But as far as I am concerned, I will not and I cannot take chances. I cannot and I will not be a party to any policy which leaves England weaker than any possible rival in the air.

It is a commonplace that the language of diplomacy marches most closely with the language of material power. Idealists may talk to us of the League of Nations. Some time or other the League of Nations may become a really effective body. It can never become so until the Powers as a whole jointly exercise a material strength able to impress itself upon a recalcitrant minority.

And of such a readiness I discern at the present moment not the slightest sign. We are therefore thrown back upon elementals. We are thrown back to the conception of national security which has been illustrated by the career of Nelson and by the writings of Mahan.

This country is safe so long, and only so long, as it can be protected by the strong arm of its own citizens. We must still maintain our Navy. We have scrapped our battleships in accordance with the undertakings we made at Washington. Others have not yet taken that course. And among who have not taken it is a nation allied and friendly to us as it is, i moment in great diplomatic divergen our views upon almost every di subject of import

LORD BIRKENHEAD

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LORD BIRKENHEAD

No offence is intended to anyone, and no offence can reasonably be taken if we calmly make a note of the relative strengths in the air of those European countries who have survived the maelstrom of the war. And taking such note I observe that this country is not only in a position of hopeless inferiority, but it could not possibly defend the capital of the Empire against a sudden air assault. I am certain that I speak for the majority of my countrymen when I say that this humiliating inferiority must be ended, and must be ended now. No nation in the world must be stronger in the air than the British Empire. We do not seek to compete in 1923 with the enormous conscript armies of Europe any more than we sought in 1913; but on the vital and defensive issues which, and which alone, are the conditions of this Empire's existence, we will allow neither hesitation nor delay.

The formula which requires the immediate adoption by the Government is that this nation shall possess at least equal strength in the air to that of any other country in the world which can geographically make an assault from the air upon the main artery of the Empire. And no one, reasonably, can take exception to our adoption of such a standard.

We do not ask, and we are not concerned to ask, what are the probabilities of attack. We are not going to take any chance of attack. We are trustees of the British Empire at a time when we must think of aerial consequences as responsibly as those of our ancestors who safeguarded the security of this country when their thoughts were exclusively in terms of maritime strength. To that trust we cannot and we will not be false.

NOTHING will satisfy us but a British Air Force comparable in every valuation by which you measure the strength of air force with that possessed by any other country in the world. And when you have such a force—and not until you have such a force—can it be honestly or confidently proclaimed that Britons never shall be slaves.

I am making no attack whatever in this matter upon the present Government. Their predecessors were in one sense more responsible, except that they had no opportunity of realising that the French intended to maintain permanently so powerful an air force. And the obligations of economy urged upon every side, a little deflected, in my opinion, a sound perspective upon this vital question. But the present Ministers for Air, Sir Samuel Hoare and the Duke of Sutherland, have each of them shown the most admirable zeal in the work of their department.

It is not the object of this article to embarrass them or to add to the difficulty of their tasks. My object, on the contrary, is to range round them, in ordered strength, all those sections of the community which are determined that, come what may, we shall decide our own national destinies.

And we cannot decide our own national destinies, nor indeed can we play the part allotted to us in the reconstruction of Europe, if those who talk to us know, and we to whom they talk know, *that in twelve hours they could destroy the nerve-centre of the British Empire.*

SUCH, however, is the situation to-day: and it is a situation which, so far as my individual exertions are concerned, I hope to end. Nor is the task difficult. This country, though impatient of military exaction and requirement, has never been impatient when called upon to respond to that which is vital to the national existence.

The day of the Navy as an exclusive counter in the scale of strategic valuation has disappeared. It remains with those who are responsible for the destiny and the security of this Empire to make a revaluation, intelligently based alike upon maritime and aerial power.

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YOU'D BE SURPRISED

by HAROLD OWEN

IN the House of Commons the other day, the Home Secretary was asked "whether he was aware that a prize offered in the Golden Ballot provided for the nomination of the winner as a Parliamentary candidate, together with the expenses of the election."

I cannot say that it strikes me as an ideal method of selecting potential members of the House of Commons, and I am very sorry for the constituency whose dignity is destined to be affronted by the advent, as their Parliamentary representative, of a strange gentleman who has "won it" in a raffle, so to speak.

But, after all, it may be urged that the methods by which parliamentary candidates are already selected does not always yield satisfactory results, as you may see for yourselves any time, by going to have a look at the House of Commons, or even by reading its debates; and constituencies have been known, even as things are, to be affronted by strange gentlemen with symbolic carpet-bags thrust upon them by "party headquarters."

Yet I admit the new idea might yield surprising results. We all know that the great need of the country is "a really great statesman," and most of us have, at one time or another, supplicated heaven to send him. What, then, if the Golden Ballot is the means reserved by Providence for his appearance? What if the holder of the Ticket No. 1234-5 is a strong, silent man, who not only knows exactly what to do with us and all Europe, but could actually do it if he got half a chance?

What if he is at this moment brooding over the fire—like Watts and the kettle and Alfred and the cakes—oppressed with his helplessness because no constituency is open to him and he hasn't the necessary "beans" if one were, all unaware of the high destiny that awaits him, beginning with a nomination paper for the borough of Puttentake?

Or, of course, the new idea might work the other way altogether; and, if it were widely adopted, it might at length give us such a collection of political "duds" that the whole fabric of parliamentary government would come down with a crash.

But all that is as it might be, and not as the case stands. As the case stands, the fact that parliamentary candidatures can now be won in a lottery shows to what a depth of disrespect political life and parliamentarians have already fallen. I am far from saying that either deserve our highest respect, but I do say that things have come to a pretty pass when what ought to be a most honourable and coveted public prize for worthy men, capable of high public service, declines to the hazard of the lucky dip and the dignity of the bran-tub.

Not that the existing system gives us security against parliamentary undesirables by any means. For instance, when Comrade Newbold defied the Sergeant-at-Arms the other day he shouted "I am here representing the Communist International!"—which is *not* yet a part of our constitution. No, the Golden Ballot method will not improve matters—its "prizes" will only add to the incoherence which the "blanks" of the electoral ballot already provide.

Amazing Derby Plot Unmasked

THE riskiest job that Pat Barrie, famed for his daring, ever tackled was, in his own opinion, that described in this thrilling narrative, regarding a £1,000 bribe by a well-known bookmaker.

By P. C. (PAT) BARRIE—Master Horse Faker

I HAVE taken part in many daring schemes in my time but amongst them one stands out, which for sheer audacity makes me almost shiver when I look back upon

This was the doping of the Panther, the Derby favourite of 1919. The story is an extraordinary one, but in case anyone may be sceptical of the truth of my assertions let me say at once that there are highly placed gentlemen on the Turf who can corroborate all I have said and can prove that I couldn't be in possession of one part of my information if I wasn't in possession of the other.

One day, D— X—, a well-known bookmaker, sent for me. He was an uncouth yet a big-hearted man, with the manners of an animal and the scruples of a pickpocket. I had done work for him before, and I had been well paid. It was not unusual for him to send for me, and I attached no importance to the summons. It was just before the Epsom (Derby) meeting, and I was not particularly interested in the Derby, except the interest which every lover of horses feels in that supreme test of merit.

So that, when D— X— started talking about the Derby, I listened without listening, if you understand. Naturally he did not talk from the horsey side, but entirely from the money aspect of the race, and as he rambled on, dodging from one subject to another, but always returning to the Derby, I began to smell a rat.

. . .

PRESENTLY he asked in a careless way:

"Did you ever nobble a horse, Pat?"

"What do you mean by 'nobble' him—'get at' him? Yes, I suppose I have—but they've always been my own horses."

He was silent for a long while. I can see him now, sitting in an armchair in his office, a frown on his somewhat unpleasant face, drumming the chair arm with his fingers and looking out into the street.

"What about a bit of a joke with the Derby favourite?" he asked.

I thought that he was really joking, and was suggesting that I should ring one in on the horse.

"If you think that's funny you can clear out!" he growled. "I'm serious. What about getting at the Panther?"

Hardened case as I am, I was shocked at the suggestion. "Get at" the Derby favourite! The horse on whom all the eyes of the world rested, whose victory would decide bets to the value of millions! It hardly seemed that he could be serious.

"But why get at him?" I asked. "Is he bad for your book?"

D— X— nodded emphatically.

"And he'll be worse," he said.

"But can't you lay him off?" said I, and he snarled at me like a dog.

"Don't try to teach me my business," he said. "Will you do the job?"

I didn't think twice about it.

"No," I said, "I won't. You'd better find somebody else. If you do it, there will be a squeak beside which a foghorn will be a whisper."

"I don't want any advice," he said sharply, and there the matter ended for the moment.

On my way home I thought it over very carefully, and the more I thought the less I liked it.

. . .

THE Panther was a Tracery colt, out of Countess Zia. He made his appearance during the war in the Norfolk Plate, a race which has seen the coming out of so many good horses. Starting at 14 to 1, and ridden by Donoghue, he ran a little green, but finished second to Galloper Light, and so well did he run that it was any odds against his starting at such a price again.

At the June meeting he came out and smashed up a big field, winning the Bartlow Plate of 195 sovs. in a hack canter by eight lengths. It was a huge field that opposed him, and he treated them like hacks.

Again he was ridden by Donoghue, but on his next outing, in September, he had R. Collings up, when he won the Autumn Stakes, leaving behind him Galloper Light, that good filly Bayuda, and winning by three-quarters of a length.

Between his victories as a two-year-old and his coming out as a three-year-old he had changed stables, Collings, who had trained him before, being replaced by Mr. Manser, a capable and painstaking trainer. It cannot be said that the Panther was a great popular favourite. He was looked upon as a very good performer, a little short of classical standard; and when he came out in the Two Thousand Guineas in the first year of the peace, he was allowed to start at 10 to 1; but, ridden by Cooper, he won a great race by a neck from Buchan, Dominion and Bruff Bridge.

It was not a good class field, with the exception of Buchan. The performance was sufficiently impressive, however, to make the Panther a strong favourite for the Derby, in a year when there was a great deal of "mug money" in circulation, and little punters, bloated with war earnings, and from some big punters, had had an influence on the market.

Personally, I think the Panther was not the best horse in the race, and would have been beaten in the Derby, both by Buchan and Grand Parade. He was a moderate horse in a moderate year, and I should be very much surprised if the progeny of any of the first four in the Guineas make their mark on the Turf.

It is easy enough to see all this, looking back four years. At the time the books were perfectly certain that the Panther would win and put them into an awful mess.

. . .

KNOWING D— X—, I didn't expect that he would drop the subject, and sure enough the very next day he sent for me.

"I've got a man to do that job," he said as soon as I entered his office. "He's not as good as you, but he'll do. It's worth a thousand."

I knew now that the matter was serious for D— X—, who wasn't the kind of man to chuck thousands about for nothing.

D— X—changed the subject, only to return again to the question of the Panther, and he was beginning to explain what he meant when the telephone bell rang, and he took down the receiver.

"Who is that?" he asked, and then, to me: "It is a trunk call. I wonder if this is our man?"

I wondered who was on the 'phone. I was not left long in doubt. Presently I heard D— X— mention the name of a wealthy racing man.

He took up a pencil and scribbled a note.

"I'll lay six thousand to four thousand against the Panther."

I wonder if this racing man will remember coming through on a trunk call to back the Panther a week or so before the race?

D— X— hung up the receiver and looked at me.

"Six thousand to four thousand," he said very slowly, "and that's only one bet I've got against that horse. Now, Barrie, are you game to earn a thousand?"

You must remember that this occurred in the early part of 1919, before I got properly going, and when a thousand pounds meant a lot to me.

"What do you want me to do?" I asked.

"Go down to Newmarket and tail up that horse at exercise. It ought to be easy to slip something to him that'll do him no good at all," he said. "You can give him an apple with a little bad stuff in it that'll do the trick."

I AM not particularly proud of the part I played, but I am not going either to justify or excuse myself. That night I left for Newmarket, put up in lodgings, and early the next morning I was up on Newmarket Heath watching the string of horses at exercise.

I had no difficulty in finding Manser's string, but after I had made my discovery I found that I should have all my work cut out. The Panther, as the Derby favourite, attracted an unusually large number of skilful horse-watchers, and I was marked down at once as a stranger, and a stranger at Newmarket on the training ground, especially just before the Derby, has to give an account of himself.

I was very soon the subject of close questioning. The story I told was that I was an Australian who had come over to this country, and was an enthusiastic horse lover and wanted to have a look at the Derby favourite at exercise.

Whether they believed me or not I don't know, but certainly I was seldom left alone; and when, at the end of the gallop, I strolled over to where the Panther was walking round in a circle, I was not allowed to get too close. The head lad came riding across, asked me sharply what my business was, and I had too much sense to argue the point with him. In my pocket was an apple, heavily doped, and if I could only get that between the Panther's teeth, there would be no question about his winning the Derby.

But the opportunity did not come. Morning after morning I appeared on the Heath, edging closer and closer to the horse I intended nobbling, but every time there was somebody handy to see that I didn't get too close.

Time was going on. I received frantic messages from D— X—, asking me what I was doing, and telling me that, if I hadn't something to report soon, he would send another man down.

. . .

THEN for the first time I learnt that he had somebody squared in the stable and that somebody, while willing to give information about the horse, emphatically refused to do anything to stop the Panther winning.

The Newmarket detectives then began tailing me up, and I realised that the atmosphere was a little too sultry for me, and I came back to London and reported my failure to D— X—. He stormed and raved, cursed me for an incompetent fool, and finished up by saying:

"Well, if you can't get at the horse, I'll find somebody who can."

It was no idle threat, as I will show next week.

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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Blue Blood v. Purple Pills

by HARRISON OWEN

CHARGED with wasting the time of Parliament in a frivolous and vexatious manner, Lord Newton pleaded "Not guilty."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., in opening the case for the public, said that the gravamen of the charge was the Advertisements Regulation Bill, which accused had introduced into Parliament, and which he (counsel) contended was a superfluous and pettifogging measure.

"The purpose of this Bill," continued Mr. Watchdog, "is to invest the authorities with increased powers for controlling, and even prohibiting, the exhibition of advertisements in places where they may offend the æsthetic susceptibilities of Lord Newton and similarly hyper-sensitive individuals. The accused is fully alive to the sweet uses of advertisement so far as he personally is concerned, but he considers that, while it is quite permissible for him to draw attention to himself by fathering crank legislation, it is vulgar and reprehensible for a trader to draw attention to his rustless whisky or non-refillable corsets by means of advertisements in public places.

"THE accused professes to be very concerned about preserving the beauties of the English landscape," continued counsel, "and so seeks to make what I may call landscape-graces of the manufacturers of Purple Pills for Pallid Peers and other widely advertised wares. He is not even content to confine his regulating activities to the sea and land, but demands that when he glances out of his club window his aristocratic optics shall not be offended by smoke advertisements in the air.

As a well-known dealer in hot air, the accused may consider himself an authority, but he is apparently indifferent to the fact that the company which supplies these smoke advertisements possesses 21 aeroplanes and employs 5 pilots and 27 mechanics. These may one day be of great military value to a country whose air defences are notoriously inadequate, and I protest against the idea of sacrificing them to suit the convenience of persons who go about with their noses in the air."

Mr. Strawsplitter, for the defence, remarked that if a cat could look at a King, his learned friend should not object to a peer peering at the sky. "Frequently when my client has done this," continued Mr. Strawsplitter, "he has turned away in disgust from the sight of an airman scrawling a smoke advertisement across the blue vault of heaven. The mob or multitude may derive amusement from such things, just as they appear to do from hideous hoardings, but persons of delicate artistic discernment, like my noble client, find these things intolerable."

The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground that prisoner was in a delicate state of health, his nervous system having obviously suffered a severe shock some time ago when he was awarded £5,000 damages in a libel action against a newspaper.

"It appears," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "that Newton cherishes the by no means uncommon delusion that, as a member of the House of Lords, he is one of the lords of creation. If the prisoner really wishes to make the air his pet subject, he should devote his time to a vigorous advocacy of efficient air defence, rather than to airing silly grievances concerning smoke advertisements. Having regard to the recommendation of the jury, I will not deal severely with the prisoner, but will merely order him to erect in front of his residence in Eaton Square a large hoarding and cover it with posters appealing for funds on behalf of the London hospitals."

GAS CONSUMERS' WATCHDOG

Machines that Think and Write

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

THE manufacture of Robots, otherwise flesh and blood machines with faces to them, may not yet rank among the key industries of this great country. But some of us are fairly hefty in the mechanical way, and one of us, Professor C. V. Boys to wit, has just exhibited before the Royal Society a contrivance which—without being an accountant and parting its hair in the middle—"calculates and thinks and then dips a pen in the ink and writes down its conclusions."

For three years has Prof. Boys laboured to bring this invention to perfection, and it is now considered to possess "human intelligence" and "more than human infallibility"—which latter, by the way, doesn't seem a very tall order.

THE actual job of the Dip-pen Boybot, "calorimeter," or whatever you choose to call it, is not quite so romantic as that of the leading lady in an all-Alabama revue, however. As a fact its business is to pass out gas from gasometers, correct temperature and pressure, adjust water-vapours and write down the real value of the gas on a reel of paper. In short and fine, the fruit of Professor Boys' ingenious brain is described as "the gas consumer's watch-dog." Cheer, Boys, cheer, as you might say!

I am hoping to purchase a gas consumer's watch-dog for attachment to the shilling-in-the-slot affair wherefrom heat or caloric is derived for the cooking of one's so-called Sunday dinner, and woe be to the gas man if the intelligent animal gets on its hind legs and yaps at him next time he comes round with the cash bag.

What I like most about the Professor's handy little appliance is that no mistake escapes its vigilance. It detects the slightest variation in the quality of the gas and "at once pens an indictment of the offence." Also, it will "work unceasingly for months without human assistance" and presumably without calling for overtime refreshments, or an occasional pay-packet.

On the whole, an entirely admirable piece of mechanism, and calculated to prove of the utmost service not only in the home, but likewise in newspaper offices, broadcasting stations, and, for the matter of that, even in Parliament.

Particularly welcome will be the introduction of such an alert, implacable and soul-less apparatus among journalists. Here are sundry of us who for years and years have been undermining our constitutions in the arduous and ill-requited task of "discovering variations in the quality of the gas" and penning "indictments of the offence." And now the wise in their wisdom are on the verge of setting up machinery to take the bread and honey out of our mouths. I always said they would.

ON the other hand, as the widow lady whispered when the youthful bridegroom tried to put the wedding ring on the "right," there is no cloud without a silver lining, and it seems to me that if Professor Boys will elaborate his invention to the *n*th power he may manage to bestow upon us blessings beyond his wildest dreams.

Gas-consumer's watch-dogs are all very well; but what Englishmen happen to need above all other worldly desiderata is an Income-Tax Payer's Watch-Dog. This machine should be able to pass out income at a high rate of speed—the higher, the merrier—fill up buff forms for months on end without human assistance, correct assessments, adjust rebates, expenses and allowances, and settle appeals with lightning rapidity, smile civilly on all persons connected with the Inland Revenue, and look final notices in the eyeball with absolute composure.

IT should take its pen in its fist, as it were, and jot down one's absolute statutory and taxable income on reels of paper five miles long—less deductions on reels of paper a little bit longer. It should indicate at a glance how much tax is due and payable at any hour of the day or night, and when the authorities flatly inform you that they will give you no more time, unless it be at Brixton, it must tell you forthwith and like a bird exactly where you are to get the money.

Bring me round such an honest watch-dog on the leash any afternoon between now and Christmas, my dear Professor, and you are welcome to alter the "C.V." in your name to "V.C."

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelope "Pie.")

"SUNDAY EXPRESS";—"He cites . . . SOLDIERS such as Alexander, Cæsar, Napoleon and NELSON."

"SUNDAY PICTORIAL";—"This FOUR-YEAR-OLD CALF is a great pet."

"HOME NOTES";—"Petticoats are a matter of GREAT IMPORTANCE, for EVERY PRESENT-DAY FROCK CAN DO WITHOUT THEM."

"SMALLHOLDER";—"The ONLY REMEDY is a general clearance of plants and a heavy dressing of lime . . . ANOTHER REMEDY is to prepare a carbolic acid emulsion."

"BRADFORD DAILY ARGUS";—"It was an ORDINARY DINING-ROOM enough, a man's room with somewhat costly TOILET APPARATUS upon the DRESSING TABLE. By the window was a BIG BATH FULL OF COLD WATER. The BED WAS TURNED DOWN."

"MANSFIELD AND NORTH NOTTS ADVERTISER";—"He had a very BAD RECORD, including charges of stealing and HOUSEKEEPING."

"ANSWERS LIBRARY";—"I paid you your three pounds on the 31ST OF FEBRUARY."

"EVERY GIRL'S PAPER";—"She was standing . . . with an OPEN LETTER in her hand, and was SLOWLY TEARING OPEN THE ENVELOPE."

"SHEFFIELD SPORTS SPECIAL";—"The Derbyshire Cricket League, which was formed IN 1839, has at one time or another undergone considerable changes in its 84 YEARS of existence."

"WILLESDEN CHRONICLE" (advertisement);—"High-Class Vacant Flat, 5 rooms, including BATH MIDDLE-AGED, satisfactory references."

"BUCKINGHAMSHIRE ADVERTISER";—"PAINTING Chains and WATCHMAN after fixing posts, £2 6s."

"BUTTERFLY AND FIREFLY";—"I THOUGHT NO MORE OF THE MATTER; but IT WORRIED HIM nevertheless."

"BRISTOL EVENING TIMES AND ECHO" (advertisement);—"NAVY BLUE Coach-built Pram; PUTTY COLOUR, lined movable cushions."

"DAILY NEWS";—"A number of German women are proceeding to Fort William, Portland Maine, on the Cunard liner *Laconia*, which sailed from Liverpool for BOLTON on Saturday."

"NELSON LEE LIBRARY";—"Nelson Lee was looking HALF grim, HALF grave, and HALF stunned."

"SUNDAY HERALD";—"Caterham residents were startled by a tremendous crash of thunder yesterday, FOLLOWED BY a vivid flash of lightning."

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed, and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Ten shillings is awarded to the writer of every letter printed on this page.

A Selfish Husband.

"MY problem is perhaps an unusual one. Twelve years ago I married a woman many years older than myself, who was very charming, and still is. I am now approaching the forties, and she is fifty-two; and although my life with her has been, in many respects, ideal, the gulf of age separates us, and I find it impossible to restrain my wandering fancy.

"I have recently met a girl in a much humbler position of life, with whom I have fallen in love, and I now want my freedom. I may say that all through the years I have been loyal to my wife."

"Humanist" says: *You have now an opportunity of displaying that loyalty. I cannot say that I have any very great sympathy with you, for from your letter it appears that your wife has been a very good friend of yours, and has helped you through some tight places. Surely it would be a dishonourable act to desert her now that she has more need of your friendship and companionship than ever.*

Question of Honour.

"MY father, who married again late in life, left me £5,000, and left my brother the family business. I became a soldier.

"My brother recently died. I have given up my profession and taken charge of the business at the same salary and commission as my late brother.

"My father's second wife declares that I ought to refund the £5,000 legacy and put it in the business, which now largely belongs to her, as my brother left his share to her, believing that would be his father's wish. Am I bound to do this as a man of honour?"

"Humanist" says:—*Certainly not. You got the five thousand as compensation for not getting a living out of the business, I presume. You came back for the good of the business, not for your own. You might as well ask your father's widow to compensate you for giving up your military career. She ought to be glad you have come to the rescue.*

Wife Who Eloped

"MY case is a very sad and distressing one. I have fallen in love with a man who, under present conditions, is unable to marry me. He married in 1914, and on his return from the war his wife eloped with another man to America. It has not been possible to trace where she is now living.

"The husband invoked the aid of the Poor Persons Divorce Regulations with a view to obtaining his freedom, but it was impossible to obtain a witness to prove the case, or to get the necessary evidence of misconduct.

"The man is anxious to marry me, and we are convinced we would be very happy, but owing to the above circumstances we are condemned to remain single.

"Would you advise us to marry and risk the chances of prosecution?"

"Humanist" says:—*No, you must not marry. Make another attempt to secure evidence that the woman is living with somebody else. You had better see a solicitor, and discover how your friend stands on the matter of desertion.*

A Woman in His Job.

"BEFORE joining up I had a 'job for life,' but on demobilisation I found my place taken by a girl. I therefore went back to the army, but in the capacity of a civilian employee. Although working for starvation wages I stuck it on account of my wife and two kiddies—who unfortunately have suffered illness after illness through overcrowding in our apology for a home. To crown it all, on the day I was thrown out of employment on the plea of economy, my two kiddies contracted an illness which necessitates them having nourishing food, which I cannot afford. Now Humanist, what am I to do? I am not eligible for the dole. I have tried to get work but failed. There is always the army, but I would not like to leave my children in their present serious state, especially as I have been told that I would have to go abroad at once."

"Humanist" says: *Unfortunately, I receive a large number of letters of this type—little human tragedies of unemployment. I have handed yours to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, but perhaps some reader will be able to offer you a job.*

Sinned for Another

I HAVE been holding a confidential position in a large manufacturing house for the past twelve years.

"The company is privately owned, and the son and heir of the boss is also in the business, but in a position subordinate to mine. Twelve months ago he told me that he was heavily in debt, and asked me if I could get him some money from the firm. Very foolishly I agreed, and for the past twelve months I have been engaged in falsifying the books for the sake of pleasing a man whom I regard as my future employer.

"A special audit of my books is now in progress, and I am terrified as to the consequences, the more so as the man for whom I have taken these risks has gone to America, and may not be back for a year. What am I to do?"

"Humanist" says: *You are in a sad predicament. I advise you to go straight away to your employer and tell him all you have told me.*

Good For Evil

"I AM suffering from an incurable disease. The doctors tell me I have only a few months to live. In these last days I am seized with an almost overwhelming hatred against my fellow creatures, and it has occurred to me that I have got an opportunity now of getting even with people who have served me disgracefully in the past. I feel that I could go out—for I still have the use of my limbs—and shoot three of them."

"Humanist" says: *Pull yourself together. Set your mind on doing all the good you can. Folly of the type you mention would only make your last days miserable. Besides, doctors are not infallible. You may pull through yet.*

Should a Woman Tell?

"FOR many years I had a very serious affair with a married man, which resulted in my ruin. I brought my child to another town, and there, after the lapse of years, married a man in a very good position (a bank manager). To my horror I have discovered that my former lover has come to the same town, and is a customer at my husband's bank, and meets him every day, and I am sure—such is his malicious nature—that, sooner or later, he will give me away."

"Humanist" says: *Anticipate him by telling your husband first. That kind of secret does not bear keeping, and you will be well advised to take your good man into your confidence.*

The Word of a Brother-in-Law

"WHEN I was demobilised I had about £250, and at the earnest request of my fiancée I invested it in a motor-car business which was being run by her brother. No documents were signed, and the business was run on what I might call 'terms of honour.' The first month or two I drew a small dividend, and what with the prosperous look of the business, it seemed to me that I was in a fair way to earning a comfortable income. But after about £20 had been repaid, all payments stopped.

"About six months ago my brother-in-law (as he is now) sold a half interest in the business to another man, and when I asked for my share I was told that I was not legally a partner, and that the money I gave him (viz. £250) was in the nature of a loan. What is my legal position?"

"Humanist" says: *I should say that your brother-in-law is legally right. You were foolish in doing business on "terms of honour," without a scrap of writing to show your interest in the affair. Sue him at once for the recovery of your money.*

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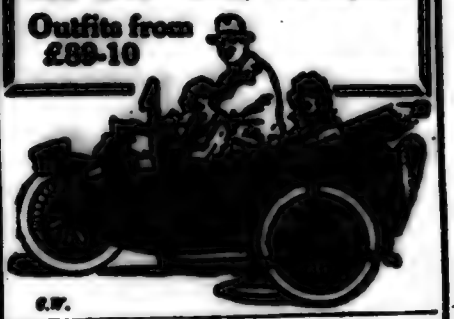

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Sports and by ROWLEY

KEMPTON'S FIVE FURLONGS—CONDOVER—A WORLD'S RECORD—NEW NAMES FOR OLD.

WHAT sheep racing-people are! I do not refer so much to their all too frequent shearing, as to their tendency to follow any one of their number who makes a move in any particular direction. Though I was perfectly satisfied that the owner of Americus Boy threw away £1,000 when he shirked the Stewards Handicap at Kempton—a view subsequently revised—it looks as though somebody connected with the stable had fallen under the influence of the legend the author of which, I believe, was Bill Halsey, that the Kempton five furlongs is more severe than the Sandown five furlongs.

Kempton's Five Furlongs.

The truth is that the Kempton five furlongs is the fourth easiest in England! They run in this order:

1.—Epsom.
2.—Lingfield.
3.—Manchester.
4.—Kempton.
5.—York.
6.—Birmingham.

It may be of interest to those who believe the last five furlongs of the Abingdon mile to be "easier" than the Rous Course, to know that the times over the Rous Course average 2 seconds faster! So far from the Sandown 5 furlongs being "easier," it took the fastest horse (last year) 3 seconds longer to cover that than the Kempton sprint track. How in the name of common sense can a course be "easier" that takes three seconds longer to gallop?

What Bill Said.

But once upon a time Bill Halsey said that horses won at Sandown that couldn't win at Kempton. Which is probably true. The horses that win at Esher want a three seconds slower race. At Kempton they are beaten for speed: at Sandown the diminutive *s* of stamina comes into play. Kempton is a fast track—jot that down on the starched extremities of your upper garments, and let the laundry man read and be enlightened.

Time Test!

"Time test!" scoffs the sceptic. "How can you take the slightest notice of our haphazard method of timing?" My answer (politely and deferentially given) is that even the biggest mug amongst the watch holders does not err 3 seconds. There are only two slower tracks than Sandown—Chester and Bath. The T.Y. Course at Newmarket is, of course, even slower because it is 140 yards over the five furlongs.

Harry Powney.

It was a great pleasure to see Harry Powney's expansive smile at Kempton and to hear his rich West Country voice! He trains on t'edge of Thomas Hardy country, and is perhaps as shrewd and clever a judge of horses as there is in the country. He has the divine gift of silence, too. I've often wondered why more big betting owners do not have horses with him.

Cancel Remarks about Condover.

I'm taking back all that I said about Condover two weeks ago. This fellow has a knack of getting into the wars, and Beasley did not ride his best race on him, or he'd have won. As it was, he was squeezed between Diligence and Simon Pure, and hadn't a chance. He ran generously enough, but the others were just a bit too good for him. Rock Fire is not worth a damson tart when the going is hard. Pondoland ran a weakish kind of race—I think Evander would have put up a better show.

More Selections.

A few weeks ago I asked you to make groups of 46 horses and back them as they came out. The following are winners: Soval (16-1); Sewing Machine, Nymphida (100-6); Musical Ride c. (7-2); Billy Beck (9-2); Gay Canopy (8-1); Simon Pure (D.H. 100-30); Pharos (won twice). A lot of the 46 haven't run, and with about 46 points up you can't have lost much.

Cut This Out.

Love Oil f. is now Ecstasy.
Cymrumian c. is called Druid's Orb.
Little Cis f. is called Kitten on the Keys.
Sweet Acre f. is called Jacynth.
Glitter Agnes c. is called Glitter Gold.
Fair Nun c. is called Righteous.
Mountain Daisy c. is called Montiffingila.
Orbite f. is called Levana.
Spearetta c. is called Seeker.
Punta Gorda c. is called Pusteys Bane.
Thunderstone g. is called El Tofan.
Vivacious f. is called Princess Vi.
Willesha f. is called Pussy Willow.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

[The two horses starred are the "Daily Double."]

MANCHESTER (WEDNESDAY).

2. 0 Bath Bath* (Jason, Woodman).
2.30 Rainy Day (Bienheim, Dark Vixen).
3.10 Pregrave* (Skirov, Moabite).
3.45 Clover Club (Vain Perry, Miss Grits f.).
4.20 Heaven Bay (Set Off, Erycina).
4.55 Manoeuvre (Mosaic, Live Wire).

MANCHESTER (THURSDAY).

2. 0 Sunrising (Ornamentation, Gay Canopy).
2.35 L'Aiglon* (Ducks & Drakes, Double Star).
3.10 Ascham (Goldstream, High & Mighty).
3.45 Dancer* (Spithead, Norseman).
4.20 Postmaster (Wild Mint, Alderney).
4.55 Garbonaro (Skyflier, Star Chamber).

MANCHESTER (FRIDAY).

2. 0 High Court* (Fusty, Arrowy).
2.30 Lake Superior* (Orderly, Jimmy Valentine).
3.15 Slurian (Bhuidhseonach, Irish Belfry).
3.55 Thistle Glass (Lilaline f., Miss Contrary).
4.30 Squarson (William Tell, Pandarus).
5. 0 Monk of Blyth (Bachelor John, Spinney Hill).

MANCHESTER (SATURDAY).

1.30 Light Jester (Whitsun, Garrulous).
2. 0 Righteous (Lilypond, Grange Lane).
2.30 Sovereignment* (My Lord, Miss Margot).
3.10 The Right Patriot* (Sargon, Black Gown).
3.40 Hades* (Meandering, Roysterer).
4. 5 Lighthouse (Synoris, Montrelm).

YARMOUTH (WEDNESDAY).

2. 0 Fair Charlotte (Eastern Elegy, Puntem' Bane).
2.30 Santaquest (Young Visiter, Green Wheat).
3. 0 Nymphida* (Blagueur, Palomides).
3.30 Kitten on the Keys (Lilaline f., Cloth of Gold).
4. 0 Miss Cheviot* (Drepane, Widow Bird).
4.30 Hellbent (Brinklow, London Cry).

YARMOUTH (THURSDAY).

2. 0 Home Fire (Stone Axe, Berviane).
2.33 Mountain Sing (Pillory, Glenogle).
3. 0 Great Joy (Solace, Sewing Machine).
3.30 El Tofan* (Saucy Girl f., Mosaic).
4. 0 Crimson Sun* (Princess Charming, First Magic).
4.30 Hatcraft (Cheviot, Clymping).

LINGFIELD (FRIDAY).

1.30 Double Bloom (Policewoman, Rose d'Argent).
2.30 Lake Leman (Copper King, Agincourt).
2.30 England's Gate* (Musical Ride c., Flag Captain).
3.30 Sewing Machine (Boddam, Errant Lad).
3.30 Abbey Island* (William Tell, Picardy).
4.30 Lieutenant (Belaire, Ponlingbridge).

LINGFIELD (SATURDAY).

1.30 Tibet (Nous Verrons, Agenda).
2.30 Williamina H. c* (Musical Ride c., Eastern Elegy).
2.50 Greek Bachelor (Bucks Hussar, Ishtar).
3.30 Simon* (Americus Boy, Crowdennis).
3.50 Kitten on the Keys (Agamist, Arrowy).

OUR "FOLLOW" HORSES.

Of my original 12 horses to follow, the following have won:—

Papyrus	..	Evens.
Simon Pure	..	100/30 (D.H.)
Top Gallant	..	8/1
Pharos (twice)	..	9/4
Psychology	..	5/4
Royal Alarm	..	5/1

Not a bad start.

* * *

Once more we drop a few and pick up a few, and this time we drop Orange River, because he doesn't seem to be doing much. We also drop the Village, who hasn't cost us anything. The following are—

TWELVE TO FOLLOW.

Twelve Pointer	..	7 furlongs upwards.
Top Gallant	..	7 furlongs to 1½ miles.
Wild Mint	..	5 furlongs.
Proconsul	..	6 furlongs.
Blackland	..	6 furlongs to 1 mile.
Lady Sleipner	..	7 furlongs to 1 mile.
Condover	..	7 furlongs to 1½ miles.
Diligence	..	Any distance.
Parth	..	7 furlongs upwards in soft going.
Slurian	..	1½ miles upwards.
Tibet	..	Any selling plate.
Psychology	..	7 furlongs to 1 mile.

A World's Record.

I paid a hurried visit to Newmarket on Wednesday, to see two wonders: Top Gallant and Mutax Mamhal, the amazing daughter of the Tetrarch. Incidentally both smashed Newmarket records. The two-year-old covering the Rous Course in 58 seconds, whilst Top Gallant established a world's record in getting 1½ miles in 1 min. 39 4-5 secs—under 14 seconds per furlong.

The record was previously held in America, by Whisk Broom II, who covered the distance in 2 minutes at Belmont Park, 1913.

Top Gallant's Style.

Top Gallant is certainly a horse and seven eighths. He was never driven or touched with a whip, and he smashed up the opposition just when he liked. It is going to be an awfully difficult job to place him. I'd like to see what weight he is given in the Royal Hunt Cup. With 8 st. 5 lb. he would "dance it."

Best Thing of the Week.
SLURIAN.
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Sportsmen MILE

ALL SORTS OF SPORT—NEWMARKET NOTES—SOME HORSES TO FOLLOW.

NEWMARKET NOTES.

Manchester Cup. Mr. Lambton is giving Silurian a good preparation. On Saturday he went in real good style with Pharos a mile and a half across the flat. He will strip in much better condition than when running forward for the Metropolitan Stakes. I must prefer him to the stable companions Highbrow and Spithead. Double Hackle put up a great performance at Newmarket by giving 30 lb., to Treviso and a field of useful horses. He gets a penalty of 12 lb. which makes his weight, 9st. 11 lb., rather a big burden, but there is no getting away from the facts—he is a real good horse and has proved himself a weight carrier.

St. Louis can safely be passed over. It is doubtful if he ever stands another preparation. The same can be said of Welsh Spear, who also hails from the same stable. Irish Belfry, I understand, is a certain runner, and this good game filly will be very troublesome to the best. She will be more suited to the mile and half at Castle Irwell than the circus track at Chester, and I feel sure that, whatever her fate is here, she will be returned a winner shortly.

Argo appears to have trained off, and I have lost faith in him. Harpenden was a big tip in certain quarters for the Jubilee, but I did not think he would be fast enough, and it turned out as I anticipated. He will be more at home on this dead galloping course, and I believe he is greatly fancied. Copyright is going well and has a chance second to none. He was expected to win the City, but I thought the course was nothing in his favour, nor the state of the ground. Now the rain has come, he strides out in grand style, and there is not the least doubt about the going being good at Manchester, as it is noted for its wet days. This horse has other engagements, and I strongly advise readers to back this horse whenever seen out, now the rain has come to suit him. The course will be too far for Treviso, and I cannot give you a lot of encouragement for Bessema, who is quite likely to represent R. Day's stable. I like the best of ours Silurian and Irish Belfry.

Salford Borough Handicap. We hold a strong hand for this race, and some of the best sprinters will be seen out. Sicyon is doing strong work, went in good style yesterday in a fast six furlongs gallop with Polydipsia, was greatly fancied for Victoria Cup, but the six furlongs here will suit him better than the seven at Hurst Park, and I am quite prepared to see him put up a good show. Black Gown is a good horse which, in my opinion, will be better suited over six than the seven he ran with Sicyon. This horse is at the top of his form.

Soldennis is going in his best style; the soft going, which is almost sure to be the case, is all in his favour, and I shall expect him to make a very bold show. The horse is in good form from the way he smashed up his field in the April Stakes at the Curragh, Ireland, carrying the big impost of ten stone.

Night Patrol, whom I like better than Plas Newyyd and Ladies' Laces, has been going in capital style recently, and will no doubt want a good deal of beating. It must not be forgotten that he won over this course last year. It is a very open race indeed, but I cannot say how it may dry up, and in choosing between Rochfort's selected, which I take to be Friar's Melody, and Beatty's selected, I expect to have found the winner.

ROWLEY MILE STONES.

The trouble with the average racing "authority" is that he knows so much that he won't admit that his knowledge isn't exclusive.

* * *

For the Derby I am offering £25 to the reader who writes on a p.c. the first and last in the Derby and the price of the winner. Don't send yet.

* * *

What's the betting about Town Guard starting 6-4 for the big 'un?

* * *

Would you be surprised to learn that Rowley Mile has a horse entered in this year's Derby? He has, but it has paid the major forfeit.

* * *

The following horses will win races: Wild Mint, Sargon, Silurian, Jacynth, Royal Highness.

* * *

Royal Lancer has developed a "leg."

* * *

Ulula is a very useful miler.

* * *

Hades is in appearance the exact antithesis of his brother, Leighton, being of the lengthy order of thoroughbred, whereas his elder relative is of the "stuffy" type.

* * *

Apparently no further effort is to be made to convert Coe into a stayer, and the filly is an unlikely starter for the Oaks.

* * *

Some of the police evidence tendered to the Betting Tax Committee is calculated to make one smile.

ALL SPORTS.

Either Smith has come on, or Beckett's about a stone under championship class. I thought Beckett boxed very badly, and Smith's punches lacked pep. Oh for a real boxing academy!

* * *

Cricket is a sport that languishes without sunshine, and the most tragic sight I've seen for a long time was last Saturday week, when the umpire wore a thick overcoat and snow boots!

* * *

I'm still hoping that a serious attempt will be made to popularise polo as a spectacle. Some of the clubs are doing a little pert advertising, but you'll never get the real fans until you give them accommodation.

* * *

There's no game in the world that one can get the same thrill from, and once the "form" of the teams became common knowledge, you'd see some healthy betting. And in my humble judgment, no sport will flourish in this country and have the real appeal unless Englishmen can bet on the result.

* * *

And if you throw up cricket at me, I will say that cricket is no longer the national game. Soccer football has ousted it from its premier position long ago.

* * *

Harking back to the Smith-Beckett push match, I thought I saw a far-away look of satisfaction in Carpentier's eyes. He has a "bad hand" too, but if he doesn't put Joe to sleep with all the hands he has left I shall be a greatly surprised man. Joe had better cut out his racing and get down to the serious business of boxing if he wants to keep in the game.

* * *

I'm glad Wethered has got through the Golf final so handsomely. It is fine to retain something beside the jumper-knitting championship—and even that went to Ireland!

* * *

Anderson is coming over from Australia, after all, to contest the Davis Cup. There was some talk of raising a public subscription to pay somebody to look after Anderson's business whilst he was away, but that idea was dropped. And a jolly good thing for Anderson, because he would automatically have become a pro. if that bright scheme had gone through.

* * *

On fine evenings, that extra hour of daylight is tempting everybody out of doors. Why not spend that time to good advantage with our "Bullets" offer? This week we have added a hundred new cash prizes of £1 each, so that not only the biggest prize-winners, but also the runners-up, will be amply repaid for a few minutes' thought.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Ornamentation (3 yrs.).—Since running Orpi to a head at Pontefract, this colt has missed several engagements which appeared to be at his mercy. He should be worth an investment when his day at length arrives.

Medilla (2 yrs.).—This young lady is said to be one of the best two-year-olds in Crawford's string, and as the Ogbourne trainer has several useful youngsters under his charge, the fact should be worth bearing in mind.

If You See It in "J. B."

"Keep off Drake! I am willing to lay 100-1 against him either in the Guineas or the Derby."—Rowley Mile, April 18.

(NOTE.—It is announced that Drake may never see a racecourse again.)

Heir (3 yrs.).—This colt is a good deal better than his form so far this season would lead one to imagine, and he may shortly be expected to do the Beckhampton stable a good turn.

Overseer (3 yrs.).—Possibly the fact may be overlooked that when well backed at Haydock Park, this colt, through no fault of his own, came a "cropper." He is very useful over six furlongs.

Ponderus (4 yrs.).—Owing to an attack of "strangles," this horse could not fulfil the engagements made for him early in the season. He has made a complete recovery, and should shortly be picking up the winning skein again.

Piccadilly (4 yrs.).—This mare was bang on top of Perfectus and Melibeus at the Newmarket First Spring Meeting, and is probably a better stayer than either of them. She should win a nice little handicap over a distance of ground.

Sea Hawk (2 yrs.).—Owing paternity to Sunstar and Bonnie Bird, this colt is the most highly tried of Morton's juveniles up to date. He is well in front of the Fire Witch colt, who showed promise at Epsom.

Langton (4 yrs.).—This horse, which is exceedingly useful over five furlongs, is at his best just now, and the almost certain recipient of a short-distance handicap soon.

Irish Dutch (3 yrs.).—When beaten by Deflation at Kempton Park, this colt had scarcely recovered from the effects of a hurried journey from Ireland. He will pay to follow over easy courses.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

LOMOND (Plymouth).—Racing does not drive people mad, as you suggest. There are 1,500 cases of religious mania to every case of race-horse mania.

TED (Leicester).—A walk-over counts as "no race." If you back a horse that walks over in one race and runs in a subsequent event on that day, you are "on" him in the race in which he runs.

JUNIOR PARTNER (Newton).—A bet made subsequent to the off is no bet, even if the race starts before the advertised time. The *Sporting Life* prices rule all wagering in most books of rules.

"JOHN BULL" says:

"DUGGIE has cut the 'catch' out of Racing."

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These ingredients can be purchased at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This will make a grey-haired person look twenty years younger. It does not colour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off."

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Our Letter Parliament

Wherein Our Readers Air Their Views

Asylum Atrocities.

While the talk goes on about a Royal Commission to enquire into the mismanagement of our so-called "mental hospitals," hundreds of ex-Service and other patients are left to suffer at the hands of those in charge. In many cases nurses and attendants are signed on with no knowledge of mental nursing at all, the general idea being that they must be able to use their fists, and incidentally their feet as well. Relations know little of what the patients have to put up with behind the bolts and bars, and their evidence is looked upon as delusions. Would to God they were, but they are not, as I know from experience.—*H. A., Gloucester.*

Foreigners in our Ports.

Having the finest merchant fleet in the world we still allow 50 per cent. of these ships to be manned by foreigners; while thousands of our unemployed are walking the streets, we man our ships with Arabs, Chinese, Dagos, etc. By following the example of U.S.A., Brazil, etc., whereby 90 per cent. of the crew must be nationals, we could easily find employment for thousands of our fellow countrymen in addition to ridding our ports of those unpleasant scenes so often witnessed.—*T. E., Port Talbot.*

The Riot Waggon.

Press reports say that Sunderland Town Council are abolishing sub-police stations, erecting street telephones and equipping the force with motor conveyances that the public may telephone to police headquarters and constables rushed to any desired spot. This scheme has for many years been in existence in U.S.A., where the motor conveyance is known as the "Riot Waggon," and it has great advantages. Not only are the ratepayers relieved and arrests effected quickly, but the degrading spectacle of arrested persons being dragged through the streets followed by crowds of children, with the risk of further disturbances en route, is avoided.—*J. H. Cleavely, 43, Wilmington Square, London, W.C.1.*

Under-manned Ships.

Has it ever occurred to shipowners who put two mates in their ships to keep a continuous watch from port to port, that they are taking serious risks with ships and human life? Two men relieving each other every four hours for a few weeks soon get weary and ill-tempered.

When they get their watch below they spend a good part of it writing up the scrap log, having meals, etc., so they don't get a long enough stretch of sleep to keep them fit for their responsibilities. With the traffic on the seas at the present, no ship that trades in deep water should be allowed to carry less than three bridge officers.—*N. R., West Hartlepool.*

Income Tax Repayment.

In JOHN BULL recently a reader in a letter headed "Income Tax Justice" resented the Government retaining for a full year the tax deducted from exempt person's dividends, thus robbing them of interest. May I point out that no such person need wait until the end of the year before making his claim to repayment? He may have as many payments on account as he likes. The moment he receives a dividend voucher he can recover the tax on that dividend by simply applying to the local Inspector of Taxes for an "instalment payment."—*J. H., 25, Grange Mount, Birkenhead.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Are Missions Justified?

Each year thousands of pounds are spent on missions to the "heathen." We, as Christians, by precept, if not by practice, assist these missions. Seven years in India, during which time I mixed with all classes of India, gave me a good grasp of their religious beliefs. I have visited Hindoo temples, have seen Hindoos worshipping therein, and their faith was deeply grounded. On Festival days temples and mosques are filled to overflowing, so enthusiastic are they in their religious beliefs. On Christian festivals we find churches practically empty, as most of the European population have gone shooting or playing golf. Unless Christians show an example, will not most of the money spent on these missions be wasted?—*J. G. B., Longtown, Cumberland.*

Lonely City Girls.

Not always are the moral lapses of girls due to inbred wantonness. Sometimes they represent the soul's revolt against the cheerless loneliness of modern respectability which robs life of joy. Without an intimate of her own age the state of a lonely girl in a crowded city is one of tragedy. The world, to-day, has many grave problems to solve. Not the least amongst them all is that of the lonely girl.—*E. G. B., Newcastle-on-Tyne.*

Wireless Detectives.

In several recent cases of murder a fairly long time has elapsed before the police have been able to locate and identify the wanted man. Here is a chance for wireless to really establish itself as not only a novelty whereby one can listen-in to concerts, etc., but as a valuable aid to the preservation of law and order. Had full descriptions in the cases mentioned been broadcasted, who knows but that the men wanted would have been caught quicker and much time and money saved.—*E. Whelan, Sunderland.*

Penalised Thrift.

Should the savings of an old-age pensioner be taken into consideration in fixing the amount of his or her pension? At present old-age pensions are reduced in ratio to the weekly incomes of the pensioner. If one's yearly means exceed £26 5s., but not £31 10s., one gets 8s., and the range extends to a yearly income of £49 17s. 6d., which gives 1s. pension. Over the £49 odd no State aid is given. Clearly the idea is that £1 per week is to be the established standard. Personally, I am in favour of making all grants to pensions the same, that is keeping the maximum yearly means at £49 17s. 6d., but not reducing the State grants in relationship to any private income of less than that. No great addition to the 25 millions we already pay, but the additional comfort for many of those who are spending the evening of their days next door to poverty would justify the increased cost.—*Mrs. Sim, Robson Street, Glasgow.*

Unmarried Mothers' Penance.

I am a worker in a Poor Law institution and am pained to see the manner in which the unmarried mothers are treated. For instance, all the other inmates are allowed to go outside to church every Sunday, and with the exception of the very old ones they are allowed out weekly in charge of an attendant. But the poor unmarried mothers are not allowed outside the gates for months (perhaps years), if no one offers to give them work with a large enough salary to pay for their little one's keep. Why should they be kept prisoners? It is time that the fathers of these children were punished as well as the mothers.—*Justice, Redhill.*

Children in the Cold.

It is about time the officials of th N.S.P.C.C. woke up to a fuller realisation of their duties, and paid a visit to the public-houses, between the hours of 8 p.m. and 10 p.m. In case they do not know what they will see, I will tell them. They will see little children and even babies a few months old waiting outside, shivering with the cold, whilst their father and mother are inside, drinking and gossiping, sometimes for half an hour and more at a time. Surely the officials have a right to caution these parents, and if that is no use, to take out a summons against them.—*H. R. F., Southsea, Hants.*

Stop the Welsher.

Derby week will soon be here, and once again thousands will flock to Epsom Downs. We don't mind the gipsy and the tipster, at least the latter is amusing, but the greasy looking loud-voiced welsher, he's the limit. He climbs on a box, shouts the odds, or I should say, over the odds, pockets the money and—disappears. What do the racecourse authorities do? Nothing. Now I would suggest a scheme which would put paid to this gentleman's account. Instead of bookmakers putting up their own stands and boxes, let the racecourse authorities erect portable stands and compel bookmakers to produce references before they can occupy a stand. They could then make it illegal to make a Book other than from an official stand.—*F. Margets, 149, Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.24.*

The Forgotten Millions.

"A meeting of experts from all parts of the world will be held at the International Labour Office of the League of Nations at Geneva on Tuesday, July 31, in order to discuss the question of finding employment for disabled ex-Service men." Thus we read in our papers. Discussion after discussion, but still no solution of this burning problem!

Men who gave their youth and health for us, suffer pain, hunger, and hardship, and practically nothing is done for them.—*W. K. Robbins, 22, Gordon Road, Chatham.*

The Limit!

When a certain peer was stopped at Guildford for driving at a speed of forty-five miles per hour he asked the constable to let him off with a caution, as the endorsements were falling off his licence. The officer had a better sense of his duty than this and acted as he would if the offender had been an ordinary citizen. Had the magistrates had the same zeal I feel sure a much larger penalty than a small fine would have been imposed.—*R. F., Hornchurch, Essex.*

Talking Things Over

MATTERS of money always find their way into these little talks. The education of the children, their training, giving them a start in life, are big considerations where the family income is small.

How old are the children now? It is not too early to begin buying Savings Certificates on their behalf, or to encourage the children themselves to buy them through their own school Savings Association.

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Our tonic beverage Vitæ-Ore always benefits those who need it. We will therefore send you a full-sized 4s. 6d. packet, making a whole month's supply post free, on the sole understanding that you will pay for it unless you write and say that you are no better for it. *You will be better for it.*

No drug or patent medicine could be offered on such terms. If there were any reasonable chance that Vitæ-Ore would not do you good, there would be so many people who would not pay that we should be ruined!

VITÆ-ORE IS EXPENSIVE—TO US.

Vitæ-Ore is brought 5,000 miles—extracted from the dried residue of the most valuable natural healing spring in the world—the only one found by the medical profession to possess actual vitalising powers, giving new life to men and women who are ill or run-down for need of full vitality.

> *The Lancet*, the most cautious and authoritative medical paper in existence, said of it: "The clinical results obtained were satisfactory": the *Medical Magazine* (another doctors' paper) said: "We have no hesitation in recommending Vitæ-Ore."

The Government, having analysed Vitæ-Ore at Somerset House, exempted it from the stamp duty on patent medicines (which would have been 1s.), because Vitæ-Ore is not a patent medicine. You can have full confidence in using Vitæ-Ore; it is (as mixed for use) practically tasteless, and can be taken instead of water at meals.

HOW VITÆ-ORE CURES.

Vitæ-Ore cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable; your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with; but you are better all over too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore. Among the ailments which have definitely disappeared when Vitæ-Ore was taken are:—

Anæmia	Rheumatism
Neuralgia	Enfeebled Nerves
Sciatica	Kidney and Bladder Weakness
Lumbago	Sluggish Liver and
St. Vitus' Dance	All run-down con-
Dyspepsia	ditions due to
Chronic Indigestion	the Stomach,
Backache in Women	Kidneys, Nerves and Liver.

But these are only some of the things from which relief can be obtained. Whatever is wrong with you, Vitæ-Ore will help you, because while every other remedy only attacks the symptoms of disease, Vitæ-Ore restores the loss of vitality, which is the cause of all disease.

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TONS OF MONEY (Arbroath).—"Can you tell me a good way of making money?" Get a job in the Mint.

COMPETITOR (Portadown).—"Has the Sports Ballot result been announced yet?" Yes, months ago.

SNICKLER (Lewes).—"It is absurd to say a thing is 'perfectly good.' It is either good or bad." Perfectly true.

MARY M. (Fulham).—"Of course it is useless asking you to publish this letter." You exhibit praiseworthy discernment.

D. F. S. (Smethwick).—"I was always good at picking up things." We shall keep our weather eye skinned if you call on us.

A. D. (Stockwell).—"As regards black and white marriages, I find myself in agreement with you." We shall now sleep at nights.

R. J. (Jarrow).—"Cranks are like chairs; they should be sat on occasionally." Apart from the "occasionally" we quite agree.

DECKHAND (Liverpool).—"Are there such things as meremaids?" There are mere men, so we suppose there is a feminine equivalent.

A CONSTANT READER (Stratford).—"Where are our Health Inspectors?" We met one the other day in the Tube. Apart from him, we can't say.

MISS. M. (Bridgend).—"It has been revealed to me that the Derby will be won by an outsider." Have another revelation and find out its name.

MODERATE (Radford).—"Would it not be better for religious fanatics to look after themselves more?" Better still if the asylums looked after them.

DUNDONIAN (Dundee).—"The price of admission to football matches is exorbitant." Surely the time to raise this matter is during the football season?

J. Y. (Overnewton).—"I would like to shake the person who borrows books and forgets to return them." A more effective remedy would be not to lend them.

A. G. B. (Winchmore Hill).—"Why should not billiards be allowed on Sundays, the same as any other ball game?" It (or they) will be in due course, no doubt.

F. C. P. (Cardiff).—"I will outline briefly the history of mothers' pensions." From your "outline," we should judge that the full story would be a monumental work.

C. J. D. (Durham).—"It is the obtuseness of labour leaders that makes business men doubt their fitness to govern." A very kind and restrained way of putting it.

NEW BILL (Buxton).—"I have again dreamt the Derby winner—Papyrus!" Hooray!

NERO (Blackpool).—"Where is our once vaunted liberty?" We've sent the boy out to look for it.

CUTHBERT (Gorleston).—"I propose to get married: do you think it wise?" If you don't propose, you never will.

AGNES (Putney).—"I always felt I was cut out for the stage." And now all you have to do is to glue yourself on, Agnes.

ROY (Sandhurst).—"I am only eighteen, but I have fallen violently in love." At your age it is as easy as falling out of bed.

FELL BY THE WAYSIDE (Newcastle).—"Arise ye men of England! Arise! Arise! Arise!" Lie down, England—it's only a poet.

JELLY BAG (Linton).—"I never quarrel and I'm not ashamed to own it." And did you spend three-ha'pence to tell us that?

WIFE OF SEVEN (Boston).—"I have had experience." We should say so! You mean "Mother of seven," we gather. Don't startle us.

RAILWAYMAN (Chatham).—"I am strongly in favour of a State control of everything." What a perfectly ghastly idea!

MAN OF THE WORLD (Kensington).—"I have just been caught with the Spanish Prisoner swindle." Your *nom de plume* is singularly inapt.

WANDERER (Clifton).—"When I see the young man of to-day I feel sick." Shut your eyes and get somebody to lead you about. Or see a doctor.

ANXIOUS (Lincoln).—"When a Government office say 'Your letter is being considered,' what is meant?" They mean that your letter is considered an infernal nuisance.

MRS. T. (Willesden).—"When is the present intolerable egg scandal to be remedied?" We fancy there is a House of Commons Committee sitting on eggs at the present time.

AQUA PURA (Leytonstone).—"I strongly object to the use of strong drink." A hint as to where the latter may be obtained would be valued by many of our readers.

ABSOLUTIST (Rottingdean).—"What proof is there that the sun will rise to-morrow?" None; only a strong probability. But there is an absolute certainty that we shan't see it rise.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

BOY OF 20 (Maidstone).—"My fiancee calls me old." Old what?

O.B.E. (Sheffield).—"I often see two JOHN BULL's a week." Herbert! Aren't you ashamed?

STORM CONE (Hythe).—"Could a man be prosecuted for striking his younger brother?" Yes, sir.

KENNEL MAID (——).—"I have the worst mistress on God's earth." And she has the silliest kennel maid. Leave.

LEFT-RIGHT (Aldershot).—"What is the good of this constant marching?" To accustom you to the use of your feet.

ONLY ONE (Maidstone).—"Certain gentlemen are utterly unscrupulous." We should call that kind "uncertain gentlemen."

LISTENER IN (London, S.W.).—"The theatre managers would look silly if we combined against them." A lot of them look silly anyway.

KITCHEN WENCH (Somerset).—"All this talk of 'servant shortage' is piffle. I'm tired of hearing about it." You haven't heard us, miss.

THE BOY (Newport).—"I am simply madly in love with a married lady." Well, boy, you'll simply have to get sanely out of love.

L. V. (London).—"Will you tell me how successful plays are written?" By hand as a rule. The machine made ones are usually a failure.

ELLIE (Leeds).—"I have long wished to converse with the brilliant writer of the Letter Bag." Thou hast thy wish, fair wench. Converse.

JOGGING ALONG (Salisbury).—"Why is there no punishment for stealing wild birds' eggs?" Because there is. Read up the Wild Birds Protection Act.

CURIO (Bolton).—"I have a postage stamp dating from the time of Charles I." Odds bodkins! Postage stamps were not in use for a hundred years later.

MY CHOICE (Northampton).—"In spite of many discouragements, I have thrown off an essay on 'Free Love.'" It's just as well to get rid of such things, somehow.

COLD FEET (Harringay).—"Little did I dream that my best friend would betray me!" The only people who *can* betray you are people in your own camp.

WOULD-BE NURSE (Shooters Hill).—"Can you tell me where I can get a training—say three months—as a practical nurse?" No, miss. And unless you have, say six years, you can't nurse *us!*

R. V. (Nottingham).—"What would America say if we forebade any of their ships to enter our ports unless they had alcohol on board?" Being a respectable journal, we can't tell you.

R. M. S. (Runcorn).—"I often receive small *Bullets* prizes, but cannot tell which was the successful effort." In future competitors awarded 2s. 6d., 5s. or one of the new £1 prizes will be notified which was the winning *Bullet*.

X.Y.Z. (Devonport).—"Can you furnish me with the names of all your correspondents?" No, sir.

COALMAN (W. Hartlepool).—"May I say what I think about JOHN BULL?" Yes, providing you think first.

E. P. S. (Ironbridge).—"'Smiles' is not the longest word. It is 'beleaguered.'" So those 487 people were all wrong!

CLEVER (Sunbury).—"There are a hundred easy ways of making money." And exactly 64 county prisons.

MOTHER (Epping).—"When children come home from school, motor traffic should stop." Where? All over the world?

HARD FACE (Crewe).—"I very rightly object to paying income tax." As you're so certain you're "very right," why worry?

WESLEYAN (Reading).—"What is all this talk about Nonconformists?" Talk, we should imagine. What does it sound like.

EVER READY (Newport, Mon.).—"The next war will be on us before we know where we are." God bless the League of Nations!

ELLA (N. Woolwich).—"Is it good form for the bridegroom to provide the trousseau?" It is extremely bad luck for him.

MONEY TALKS (Chatham).—"I am willing to back my opinion for a million." We are just a fiver short of that sum, so "no bet."

EVEN KEEL (Brixham).—"Little do you know the hardships of fishermen." As little as you know about the price we pay for fish.

SNOW IN MAY (Nottingham).—"Can nothing be done about this awful weather?" If the spoken word has any power, we are doing our best.

WENDY (Wendover).—"I hope that you will put your foot down over the housing scandal." Bing! (That was the sound of both our feet coming down.)

GENERAL (Bishops Stortford).—"The worst of the world's future has yet to come." And the best general. On the other hand, the past is past.

BUSTER (Poole).—"Can you give me a civil answer to a question, or are you too much of a cad?" Dear Sir,—In reply to yours, don't be violent. You frighten us.

NO VOTE (Wolverhampton).—"My wife and I disagree on all political questions." Then confine your conversation to the weather and little Willie's boots.

QUEER ST. (Oxford).—"The University does very little good to Oxford." We are writing to the Vice-Chancellor about it. Perhaps he'll shift it to Balham.

DISGUSTED (Cranbrook).—"What is your opinion of women who treat toy dogs like babies?" Buttonhole us after office hours in some quiet corner, and we'll whisper it.

IN ARTERNAM (Filey).—"I find it difficult to conceive the idea of anything lasting for ever." You would be a wonderful and more than human person if you didn't.

HORRIFIED (Blackburn).—"Do you think funerals should be made the occasion for feasting and rejoicing?" A great deal depends upon whose funeral it is; but, speaking generally, no.

OCTOGENARIAN (Bath).—"How would you propose marriage if you were I?" If we were you, we wouldn't have the nerve, grandpa.

SEA ADVENTURER (Tottenham Court Road).—"Have you ever heard of a Jew being a sailor?" Yes. Lord Reading.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

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IT is a bitter reflection on the politician's famous promise of "a land fit for heroes to live in," that so many brave fellows who a few short years ago gave up everything to answer the call of duty should now find themselves homeless and hungry, and helpless to alleviate the sufferings of their wives and little ones.

Take the case of a man named Norman. Having been unable to find proper housing accommodation, he has been living with his wife and three children in a van standing in a yard at Preston.

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To add to the poor man's anxiety, an order for possession of the van and arrears of rent has been made.

What a reward for faithful service to his country!

Another case is that of a man who joined up in 1914, and has been unemployed almost continuously since his discharge. He has a wife and six children, and they are all practically homeless.

Unable to find a house to live in, the father and the eldest boy tramp the streets daily in search of work, getting what nourishment they can afford at coffee-stalls, and sleep in lodging-houses at night, while the mother and five young children are sheltered in one small room by a compassionate woman.

There are many such cases of distress which "The Greatest of These——" Fund is endeavouring to alleviate.

Acknowledgment of a number of anonymous contributions is unavoidably delayed by lack of space. A receipt will be sent by post to any subscriber who desires it and encloses an address for the purpose.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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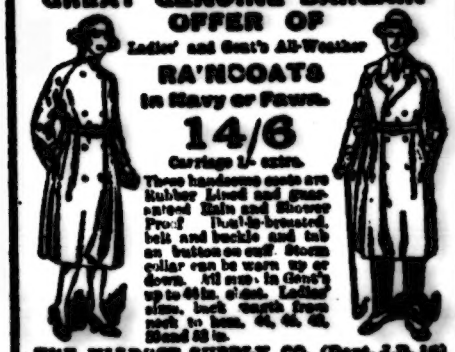
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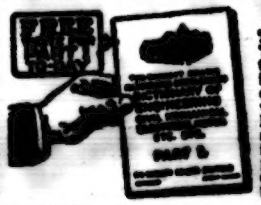
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89, VICTORIA STREET, LIVERPOOL

BULLETS BIG WINNERS

THAT small prizes often lead to bigger ones is again emphasised in the case of the winner of the last £250 *Bullets* Competition—Mr. B. W. Bocock, of 15, Obelisk Road, Woolston, Southampton, a clerk employed at the Southampton Docks of the Southern Railway, whose successful effort was sent in on a "Target" coupon. Far from being discouraged by the fact that during the time that he had been a competitor his name did not appear in the printed list of winners, he appreciated the true value of the minor awards which came his way, recognising in them that he was directing his efforts on right lines. On him they had a stimulating influence. He continued, and finally hit upon the extremely apt idea which brought him to the top—"A Pirate—Of Nation's Vitality—Slums." Mr. Bocock describes himself as "a very ordinary individual." This serves to prove that the biggest prizes are well within reach of the average competitor, equipped with common-sense and the determination to succeed.

This is further illustrated in the case of the winner of the last £1,000 Competition, as shown in the subjoined interesting paragraph, which we reprint from the May 12th issue of the *Blackburn Times*, the well-known Lancashire paper.

Winner of the £1,000 "Bullets" Prize.

A happy thought on the part of Mr. Hubert Hayhurst, of 120, Preston New Road, in his quiet moments a few days ago, brought a substantial reward, on Wednesday morning, in the shape of a cheque for £1,000. Mr. Hayhurst, who is one of the four sons of Mr. J. H. Hayhurst, a member of the firm of Messrs. Hayhurst & Higginson, Ltd., engineers and machinery merchants, of Pump Street, entered the JOHN BULL *Bullets* Competition about a fortnight ago. The example given was "Healthy State." Mr. Hayhurst appended the excellent *Bullet* "Soldiers Playing—Ex-Soldiers Working." This brought him the first prize which now stands to his credit at the bank. Mr. Hayhurst, who is 24 years of age, is an old boy of the Blackburn Grammar School, winning a Thwaites' scholarship as a pupil at the parish Higher Grade School in 1911. He served his apprenticeship at the Corporation Electricity Works under Mr. P. P. Wheelwright, and is now affiliated with his father's business. He served with the R.A.S.C. during the war. He has previously taken part in various competitions and has won a number of useful prizes.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 485.

THE KING	LIGHTS OF LONDON
WELCOME	A MIRACLE
OVER THE WATER	BY LOT
THE BIG STICK	OUR COUNTRY
WHAT YOU'LL GRAIN	THE ATTACK
AT THE RACES	PROMISING GIRLS
AFTER HOURS	A BIT HOT
BIG CATCH	LIKE A MAN
BANNED	BOY LOST
PROVING TOO MUCH	IN THE NET

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page, and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, JUNE 14th. All Coupons so used MUST be marked clearly with the number 485 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 485, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. 485.

100 NEW £1 PRIZES

A complete list of these Prize-winners will be published on this page.

2nd Prize £20

10 PRIZES OF £5

10 PRIZES OF £2 10

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

100 Prizes of £1

3rd Prize £10

200 PRIZES OF 5/-

500 PRIZES OF 2/6

4000 'TARGET' PRIZES

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 485.

RIGHT TO LIVE
FRESH FIELDS
AFTER THE EXPLOSION
HOME SECRETARY
BIT OF FUN
A NIPPER
SUNSHINE
LOSING FAITH
NEW ERA
WHAT I THINK
HIS FAULT
ALL VERY WELL
FAIR GAME
IN SAFETY
ONE FOR US
AFTER DARK
MORE AND MORE
A CHALLENGE
USELESS
RUN OUT
DAY BY DAY
WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID
A SWEEP
WONDERFUL TIME
CAMPING OUT
LATEST DISCOVERY
ON APPROVAL
TOO HASTY
RARE COLLECTION
GOING BY
FALLING OFF
IN HER SHOES

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matters of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

☞ SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Sixteen £5, 32 and 24 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the Three Grand "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 485 have obtained their copies of "John Bull."

The original sketch for £250 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 482, can now be seen in the window of Mr. A. Smith, 110, St. Mary's Road, Southampton.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the examples printed; then give any Two, Three, or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: Example:—LITTLE HELP Bullet:—CRAMMING HUNGRY CHILDREN'S HEADS. Example:—PAID IN FULL Bullet:—THEN FRANCE "QUITS." Example:—WHEN LONDON SLEEPS Bullet:—SOME MOTORISTS SHOULD PRACTISE. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

☞ ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 485, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 31.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(485) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 31.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(485) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 31.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(485) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 31.

No. ——
Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(485) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Next Week £2,000 First Prize £500 2nd Prize £250 3rd Prize

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time.

FOR the benefit of our readers we take pleasure in publishing the Brooks offer to save all who are ruptured from wearing trusses and other painful makeshifts that do not cure.

The Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., gladly sends this remarkable Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out, and finally cures it entirely.

NO man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain, and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure—after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance on *trial.* If you really want to be rid of your rupture, fill out the coupon below and mail it to-day.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the velvet soft Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the hard pad of a truss, use the *soft rubber automatic air-cushion* of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance clings to you without force, and you are hardly conscious of its presence. And above all else it **HOLDS always.**

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss for ever.

Over 253,000 People have Accepted this Offer. Why not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among these 253,000 men, women and children, there must be *hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.* Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for *you?*

From a photograph of Mr. C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago, and perfected the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write to-day to Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd., 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the result of more than 30 years' experience, and the percentage of cures effected by its use is little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us to testify to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live in your vicinity, and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this **No-risk Trial Offer.**

No other rupture support, truss, device pad, or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction. If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You do not have to give any reason. There will be no question or quibble. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept this Offer.

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air-cushion of soft rubber, it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft, and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established, and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *TO-DAY*

Free Information Coupon.

Brooks Appliance Company, Ltd.
(1763R) 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me by post, in plain wrapper, your illustrated Book and full information about your appliance for the cure of rupture, and your trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

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Please write plainly.

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